THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ST. PATRICK AND IRELAND.

The Natal Day of the Patron Saint Honored Throughout the Land by All Classes and Creeds.

And the Glories of Irish Song and Story Re-told in Sweet Strains and Eloquent Language.

Celebrations in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St Louis and Elsewhere.

The Day in Chicago.

St. Patrick's Day was more generally observed this year than ever before. Entertainments of various kinds were held in all parts of the city. The parade, an account of which was given in THE CITIZEN last week, was a grand success in every particular. All the different organizations were well represented; though the military organizations seemed unusually active in getting their full quota of members into line. The Gaelic Athletic Association made a very favorable impression as they stepped briskly along in their athletic uniforms, with hocky sticks and footballs, in the following order: Innisfail, Columbia, O'Brien, O'Connell, Emerald, Leavitt, Brian Boru, Liberator.

But it was not until evening the real festivites took place. There were banquets and balls and lectures and concerts in nearly every hall in the city.

THE IRISH AMERICAN CLUB.

The eleventh annual banquet and reception of the Irish American club was held at the Auditorium, in the large dining-room of the hotel. Mr. John S. Cooke, president of the club, presided. Immediately behind the chairman's seat were two large flags—one the stars and stripes of the United States and the other the golden harp and green banner of Ireland. Behind a screen was Pond's orchestra which was kept busy between courses discoursing strains from favorite Irish songs. It was past 9 o'clock when the guests took seats in the big dining hall, and this is what was served them:

Blue Points.
Consomme Royale,
Hors d'Œuvres.
Turban of Bass Normande.
Filet of Beef with mushrooms.
String Beans Flageolets.
Cutlets of Sweetbreads Marquise.
French Peas.
Shamrock Punch.
Roast Teal Duck with Cresses.
Lobster Salad.
Philharmonic Ices.
California Jelly.
Cakes. Coffee. Fruit.

The decorations of the tables were unique and very pretty, and the banquet was handsomely served.

After the menu had been served President Cooke delivered the following address of welcome in answer to the toast "The Day We Celebrate:"

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is a day held sacred by the sons and daughters of Ireland the whole world around, and not by them alone, but by their children and their children's children, no matter under what form of government or in what country fortune may have placed them. When the sun rose on the Irish hills this morning he followed in his course the tracks of the exile and the emigrant, driven from their homes by unspeakable tyranny and forced to seek in other lands the protection, the encouragement, the prosperity, the justice denied them in their own. And in foreign lands—aye, in all foreign lands—they have given ample evidence of the ability and the courage which were neglected or blighted at home, under the operation of the most cruel laws that, as Edmund Burke once said, the perverted ingenuity of man ever devised to crush and degrade his fellow beings. We need not, however, boast of what we have accomplished in America or elsewhere. The cold pages of history, written by men who had no Irish blood in their veins, have done us some justice and the pages yet to be written will, I am sure, do us still more. It is but natural that a people long oppressed and long denied distinction where they were born, or where their forefathers were born, should be more prone to talk of their achievements than those to whom freedom for centuries has been a heritage. And if we, Irish people, prefer occasionally having celebrations of this kind to our military heroes, our priests and our statesmen, it is as if in answer to the calumnies that have been hurled at us for centuries by the hereditary enemies of our race and our motherland. It is therefore with no spirit of vain glory or false pride that speakers tonight will mention the names of those who both in the old and the new world have covered the Irish name with the splendor of renown. But my first duty as chairman is to be brief and I must not forget St. Patrick, whose day we now celebrate. A toast to him has today been drunk in every country o'er which the sun of heaven shines—in palaces, in cabins, in the bivouac of soldier, in the cot of the miner, it is fittingly honored. And the prayers of St. Patrick ascended today from 10,000 altars dedicated to the glory of God. It is a day that all Irishmen and Irishwomen, no matter what their creed, calling or condition, celebrate with peace and good will. It is a day of Irish jubilee. Let us honor it. After welcoming you here tonight and giving you hearty greeting in the name of the Irish-American club of Chicago, I have the honor and the pleasure of asking you to drink to 'The Day We Celebrate.'"

It had been expected that Attorney John Gibbons would answer the toast "Liberty," but owing to illness he was unable to be present and P. McHugh responded to the sentiment. Attorney Hynes was also unavoidably detained and Edward F. Dunne spoke in his stead on "Ireland." After the speechmaking the tables were taken from the dining hall and Terpsichore and her devotees held sway till an early hour in the morning.

THE GUESTS.

Those present were:

Messrs. and Mmes.—John S. Cooke, E. J. McPhelim, W. F. Fitzgerald, E Baggot, M. W. Ryan, John Cashin, M. McDermott, John M. Carroll, Henry L. Hertz, P. Cavanagh, A. F. Baggot, C. P. Caldwell, James P. Ward, D. Murphy, E. H. Roche, C. A. Piamondon, N. J. Neary, J. E. Baggot, A. G. McGinness.

Mmes.—John F. Fiserty, D. Quirk, J. W. Trainor, J. Maloney.

Misses—Theresa Heeney, M. E. Keane, Angie Walsh, E. T. Woodlock, Rebecca O'Brien, Lydia Donghue, Fannie Thornton, Elenor Fish, M. O'Neill, Frances Heeney, Kate Maher, Mary E. Roach, S. V. Hennessey, Hattie O'Brien, Nora Hurley, Annie E Murphy, Kate Kelly, Nellie Weadley, Nellie Murphy, Jeanie Clancy, J. Condon, Kittie Clancy, Mamie Donoghue, Mamie Weldon, M. McDermott, Julia Murphy, Kitty O'Brien, Agnes G. Ritchie, Rebecca Gallery, Maggie Pickham, Mollie Quirk, Frances Flynne, Helen Naghten.

Messrs. John B. Feeney, M. J. Keane, J. A. Murphy, Jr., James Ronan, Thomas F. Hunt, M. D. Flavin, George May, J.H. McDermott, W. Fogarty, W. Weadley, Jr., James Conlan, Jr., A. J. Watler, H. M. McGivern, J. T. Normile, J. J. Moore, M. F. Madden, J. B. Maher, L. J. Reed, Stephen O'Brien, S. M. Clancy, M. F. Donahue, Frank O'Brien, J. E O'Meara, F. D. Kinsella, J. L. Weadley, J. D. Pickham, D. J. Gallery, George J. Cooke, Walter C. Lewis, W. J. Brennock, A. F. Zahm, J. Maher, H. Wrightson, G. B. Hennessy, P. P. Kelly, E. G. Christoph, J. S Hyland, E. F. Dunne, D. F. Kelly, W. J. McKenna, T. G. Waters, Willie Neary, W. J. Fortune, and J. E. Bourke.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S LECTURE.

Bishop O'Farrell's lecture at the Auditorium was the means of bringing together one of the largest assemblages of Irish-Americans ever witnessed in this city; every seat in the great Auditorium hall being occupied. The gathering was inspired by a wish on the part of some members of the Catholic clergy and laity of this city to mark the fourteenth century of the death of Ireland's great apostle with some fitting monument, to be erected by the Irish-American Catholic people of Chicago and the west. The fourteenth centenary occurs next year, and while no special memorial has been decided on it is quite probable that such a monument will take the shape of an educational institute of some kind. It was felt by the promoters of the monument that a sufficient competency could be obtained in this city alone to erect such an edifice, and that a little effort on the part of the Catholics of Chicago directed among their brethren in the West would obtain the necessary funds wherewith to endow the institution.

On the stage more than 100 members of the Catholic clergy of the diocese were grouped around the great Trenton divine. The Rev. Bernard P. Murray, who has been the chief promotor of last night's event, sat in the center with the chairman of the evening, the Hon. P. T. Barry, at his right and Bishop O'Farrell at the left. Father Murray in a brief address bid the great assemblage a cordial welcome and introduced Mr. Barry, who said that it was no new event to find an American assemblage doing honor to St. Patrick. "One hundred and sixteen years ago," said Mr. Barry, "the greatest figure of the country, George Washington, issued a proclamation to his army to do honor to the memory of Ireland's patron saint. Not only this, but the father of our country was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the Irish-American citizens of Philadelphia contributed over $500,000 to aid in banishing the last vestige of British ism from our shores."

A chorus of 250 voices sang "The Harp That Once Tara' Tarra's Halls," and Mrs. Alice De Mers Bennis sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and was given a cordial reception by the great audience. For an encore she sang "The Last Rose of Summer." When Bishop O'Farrell came to the front of the stage the entire audience arose and gave him renewed applause. He was visibly moved by the affectionate reception and bowed in acknowledgment. The bishop was robed in the impressive insignia of his office, a purple gown with white shading and a golden chain and cross surmounting. He speaks in an easy and impressive manner and his rich, resonant voice filled every inch of the space in the hall. At times during the course of the lecture he was almost carried away by the rapturous applause, and in a fervent burst of eloquence, alluding to the "radiant green which sparkled like a gem in the western sea," his lustrous blue eyes were filled with tears of love for the land of his birth. Every word he uttered was listened to with rapt attention, and from the very inception of his effort to the close he held the immense audience in an apparent spell-bound attitude. The Bishop spoke in substance as follows:

The subject of Irish and American centenaries is dear to every one of Irish blood. There is no lover of freedom who can fail to admire the centuries of struggle for faith and fatherland made by the Irish race. Many sorrows, triumphs, and sufferings were alike the lot of St. Patrick and Columbus, and both centenaries are bound together by indissoluble ties of creed and national ardor. Ireland in 1775, when the nation was clouded in the deepest woe, found her first hopes succored in the rays of freedom, which swept from America across the Atlantic, and when the sundering links which bound the country in slavery were shattered the successful cheers of Bunker Hill were re-echoed by the Irish clan on the streets of Dublin. The year 1783 saw both countries free, and the same principles which Washington succeeded in establishing were the cherished ideas which Edmund Burke defended in an alien parliament. When the English yoke was sought to be perpetuated in America recruits were sought in every direction inside the British empire. But to the credit of the Irish people it was announced by a British lord that it was useless to try to enlist Irish Catholics against the cause of America, as every one of them was loyal to the cause of the rebel country. When famine and cholera stalked through Ireland in the dark and dismal days of of 1847 the Irish looked to America for comfort, and hope, and strength, and their expectations were not in vain. When the Irish people cried out in despair, when every ray of hope seemed vanished, and when the oppressors' minions invaded every corner of the persecuted country, the efforts of Ireland's greatest son, the immortal Daniel O'Connell, were given a thousand-fold impetus by the cheering words which were carried across the broad Atlantic from America's imperishable republic.

The history of Ireland is distant from that of Europe. The Celtic race was allied with the gallant Gaul, who was among the first to leave the cradle where God first planted mankind. The Gauls were the only race before which the never-defeated Roman cohorts stood in terror, and as the positions of these two peoples stood then so today the Irish people stand, still unconquered by the Briton. Seven hundred years of thralldom finds them still in the vanguard fighting for the rights which by the law of God and humanity belong to them. In all her trials and sorrows Ireland never made a martyr, and no red garments, typical of the cruel oppressors of Christianity as in other countries, are needed in Ireland to celebrate such events in a religious way. When St. Patrick came among the Irish people, to destroy their idols and shatter their principles of fire-worship, he was permitted to go through the country unmolested. He made his meditations and prayed to heaven for succor under the Irish flag on the hillsides of Antrim, but no harm befell the strange apostle. As Washington's inspiring genius led the parent spirits of America to victory and created the greatest freedom-loving government of the world, so St. Patrick imbued the Celts with a fire of faith and nationality which was incapable of being quenched. One man in each case molded the destiny of the people, and linked with those two was the spirit of Columbus—a trinity, indeed, incapable of a duplicate in the history of man. The Irish, even in their day of sorrow, did not forget their faith. They kept the love of their God and their country; they sent missionaries into every corner of the earth to preach the twin principles of faith and love of freedom they themselves possessed, and they were never so poor that the stranger within their gates found not welcome or the citizens of another land striving for self-government did not get a cheering word.

Long before even Columbus set foot on the shores of the Western Republic America was known to the Irish people, and mention was made by old Irish historians and writers more than 1 000 years ago of this land which they happily called in the Gaelic tongue "The Greater Ireland." It was a cheering sign of the times that a spirit of forgiveness for the wrongs done their country was prevalent with the Celtic race. The Irish people were willing to forgive, but they could never forget the wrongs perpetrated on them. To forget these would be to forget the gallant struggles of an inconquerable ancestry, that could never be, but in the day of their new life they would never be other than a forgiving people. The sorrows which Ireland had suffered only made her children cling closer to her side, and they would much rather lie cold in the earth at her feet than be false to the love which their mother had taught them. Their love for their country was firm, and strong and true, and fervent prayers were tendered that God would send their land peace, and joy, and freedom. If a foe oppressed, Irishmen and women would be found true to the principles of their native land, and, as they celebrated in Chicago, so in every clime where an Irish heart beats was there a fervent prayer breathed to their Creator for the land of their birth. It would be only fitting that some monument should be reared in this great city to commemorate the great apostle of their faith and race.

In South Chicago.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with genuine enthusiasm in South Chicago. Never before was such universal interest manifested in the natal day of Ireland's patron saint. There was a solemn military high mass at St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock in the morning; after which there was a parade, and a fine one, too, which will long be remembered by the citizens of the Calumet district. Among the societies represented in the procession were the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Emmet Guards, Companies B and E, Hibernian Rifles, Innistail Athletic Club, Boy Cadets, German Catholic Knights of America, Polish Knights of St. Mary, St. Michael's Society, Polish National Guards, Courts O'Donnell and St. Patrick of the Catholic Order of Foresters, five divisions of the A.O.H.; thirty-four girls in car of state, citizens on foot and in carriages.

In the evening there were numerous balls and entertainments by the different Irish organizations, the most notable of which was the literary and musical entertainment given at Eigenmann Hall by Division No. 9, A.O.H. The large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the audience, about half of whom were ladies, was very appreciative and enthusiastic. After St. Patrick's church choir had sang "The Harp That Once Tara' Tarra's Halls," President P. O'Sullivan made the introductory address. He extended a "Cead Mille Failthe" to all, and expressed thanks on behalf of Division No. 9, A.O.H., for the patronage accorded it by other societies and friends. The children of St. Patrick in South Chicago had every reason to be thankful for the grand tribute which had been paid them by the liberal-minded and intelligent people of the Calumet region. He extended a hundred thousand thanks to the business men of South Chicago who had decorated their stores and residences in honor of St. Patrick's Day. Some people claimed that the celebration of the day in America was foreign to the constitution. It was not; for the teachings of St. Patrick had a good deal to do with the advancement of American civilization. A good Irishman made a good American citizen.

When President O'Sullivan had finished his address Owen Ahern sang "The Dear Little Shamrock," and then the Rev. Father T. O'Sullivan was called upon to say something about "The Day We Celebrate," and he said it in the following interesting manner:

The Day we celebrate shall ever be a day "venerable and holy" to the sons of the sea-divided Gael, whether their lot be cast in the land of their forefathers swept by the Atlantic billows, mid Polar snows or the equator's burning sands. It symbolizes for them the grand and abiding work of their apostle Patrick, as well as the glories and sufferings of an ancient race, springing from unwavering fidelity to the sublime teachings of heaven messenger. It is the perennial well-spring of a hope, that soon the "Niobe of Nations" will dry her tears, and seated on her island throne, receive the glad homage of a free, enlightened, and virtuous people as in days of yore:

—"Great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Of all the sons of Innisfail, there are some of whome the traditions and reminiscences of this day should appeal with greater force than to us, who, in Columbia's happy land, have tasted the golden fruit of that tree of liberty which has been watered with the blood and tears of patriot hosts. For a thousand years our forefathers have fought for liberty, civil and religious, and neither we who have enjoyed God's noblest gift to man, nor our brethren still in chains beyond the seas, shall ever relax our efforts until the Sunburst and the Shamrock proudly float over Erin's "Hills of gold and emerald sheen," for—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from sire to son,
Tho' often baffled, is ever won."

In fact, the key to Ireland's chequered history is the passionate love of the Celt for freedom in its highest expression—that "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free"—the very root and source of all true liberty, whether domestic, social, civil or political.

In the earliest dawn of history we find the inhabitants of the "Isle of Destiny" a people far advanced in civilization, having a parliament, an excellent code of laws, orders of Knighthood, bodies of men devoted to the cultivation of poetry, music, law and history—a system of worship and morality free from the gross idolatry and licentiousness of the Gentile apostacy. Their patriarchal or clan system in which the king or chief was chosen by the members of the tribe or family—and in which every man had a share of the tribal possessions, made them all virtually free and equal, and generated among them a family affection which has withstood the cold utilitarianism of modern times. Hence the readiness with which they received the exalted doctrines of the gospel, against which the polished but corrupt Graco-Roman civilization bombated for centuries at the cost of oceans of martyrs' blood!

Grace does not destroy nature, but purifies, exalts, and develops whatever is good in it; and the introduction of Christianity into the "Isle of Destiny" served but to ennoble and strengthen the natural virtues of the sons of Milesians—their love of justice, purity, and domestic affection—and especially intensify their love of liberty and hatred of oppression. Moore but expresses the spirit that has controlled the Irish nation from the time of Patrick to the present day—

"'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep for one moment in chains."

The terrible Danes or Ostmen who easily conquered England and wrested Normandy from France, sent powerful expeditions from Scandinavia during two long centuries to bring the Emerald Isle under their idolatrous and iron sway, but in vain. Their power was forever broken by Brian on the plains of Clontarf—the Marathon of Ireland. The Anglo-Normans backed by the colossal power of England carried on a war of extermination for four hundred years in order to establish their barbarous and tyrannical system of feudalism among the natives of Ireland; but in the end most of those great feudal lords became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Irish civilization with its love of freedom and justice conquered these haughty warriors.

Since the Reformation or great apostacy of the nations of northern Europe, which, like Mahomedanism, was accomplished by the sword, Ireland has not only struggled for civil freedom, but above all for the higher freedom of conscience and religion, and not in vain, against one of the most powerful and unscrupulous governments on earth. Of the weapon used by the tyrant—the penal code—Burke has said: "It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Again has victory taken her abode in the green sea-girt isle. Ireland has disendowed and disestablished an alien church that was begotten in lust, nourished with blood, enriched with plunder and that had on every occasion proved herself the bitter foe of human right and human liberty. To Ireland the greatest and most upright of British statesmen has given the praise of having won for Englishmen whatever of religious freedom they now enjoy.

To every land under the sun, to which the Celt has migrated to escape the iron yoke of England, he has been found fighting in the foremost ranks for the liberty of his adopted country. The hundreds of thousands of the "Wild Geese" who fled to the Continent of Europe, took service in the armies of France, Spain, Austria or Poland, with a view of striking a blow some day at the ruthless oppressors of their native land.

For in far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

In South America the Irish emigrant took a prominent part in establishing the independence of the Spanish colonies. In our own glorious Revolution of 1776 Irishmen emblazoned their names forever on that great charter of freedom, the Declaration of Independence. They were the first to make a breach into the wooden walls of England on the watery main. Their warm blood purples every hard-fought field from Breed's Hill to Yorktown. Need I say that in the war for the Union, Irishmen have been equally lavish of their lives. Bulls' Run, Gaines' Mill, Malvern, the Wilderness, the heights of Fredericksburg, Antietam and Gettysburg will remain the imperishable monuments of their valor as long as liberty finds a home among men. Well did Chauncy Depew remark that we need have no fears of Communism in the United States as long as there were millions of Irishmen to guard the ark of our freedom. It may be said that the providential mission of the Irish race, is to propagate the faith, the truth and justice revealed by Christ! I admit this view of the subject, but claim that it virtually coincides with what I have stated. The foundation of all true liberty is that laid down by the Savior, the freedom of man's intellect through the truth, the freedom of his will through God's law and God's grace—the freedom of the children of God—which no human power can deprive us of, and which sooner or later finds its expression and embodiment in social and political institutions which afford the most favorable conditions for the highest development of man.

As in the past ages of darkness and storm, this spiritual freedom has saved the old fataful race from utter slavery or total annihilation it will in the new era dawning upon holy Ireland, enable a people from whose sepulcher it is rolling away the stone, to take their place among the nations of the earth, gloriously crowned with freedom in government, in religion, in education, in all that makes life sweet and noble and beautiful.

"The nations have fallen and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set,
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath set,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

Miss Annie Ward gave a piano solo, "The Minstrel Boy and St. Patrick's Day;" Mr. F. J. Rodgers spoke quite familiarly about "The President of the United States;" St. Patrick's church choir sang "America;" Mr. A. Donovan recited "St. Patrick's Birthday;" Misses Annie Merrion and Katie Gorman sang "Let Music and Song," and the Rev. G. Rathz spoke of "The Church and the Republic," in the course of which he said: "The story of the Catholic church in this western world is the golden chain that connects the landing of Columbus with the present day. In this great republic the church of God is no stranger, no foreigner. She preceded all other creeds and forms of religion and her records stand out in bold relief as a lasting monument to the sublime old faith, whose history is the history of the nations from the day when the church was founded to the day when Christopher Columbus planted the emblem of religion in the fruitful soil of San Salvador, and from that day to this America has been the home of God's church, a free institution in a free republic."

Miss Nellie Thompson sang "Peacefully Slumbers;" a declamation, "Lift Up Erin's Flag," by Mr. M. Nash; a solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Mr. H. Kluytmas, and then Mr. P. Dever responded to "The Ladies." But after all this the audience were not satisfied until the Hon. John J. Fitzgibbon had made a few remarks on "The Wearing of the Green," during which he said:

We have seen on this, our national holiday, the stalwart sons of Erin adorned with their own immortal green parade the streets of South Chicago; but what was more gratifying was to have seen the men of the Rhineland and the Fatherland, and the ever hopeful sons of disecrowned but unconquered Poland, as friends and allies, with soldierly air in line of march keeping step to the music of "The Wearing of the Green" and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." The flag of Ireland, with its golden harp on the field of green, is the emblem of music and of nature's ever recurring and imperishable color. The hills, the valleys, the plains and the mighty forests are all enrobed in the color of the God of our fathers—the immortal green. The lily of the field, the rose, the thistle and the chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native shamrock; in fact every plant that springs from mother earth shoots out in a blade of green. Then our national principle, like our color, is enduring and as indestructable as nature herself. It is not to be wondered at that the sons of Ireland should toast and love the green, and never rest until it waves over a stable and flourishing republic. That flag of green has glorious and sacred memories clustering around it. Under its green folds, the military prowess and knightly chivalry of the race were felt with telling effect in some of the greatest and decisive battlefields of the two hemispheres. And now what is the outcome of our devotion and our love of the principle which the green flag symbolizes? The outcome means this: That the Irish race after having suffered untold misery for centuries from English misrule and tyranny, will, within the near future, have a government of their own in their native land. [Prolonged applause.]

OTHER CHICAGO ENTERTAINMENTS.

The seventh annual reunion and ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held at the Second Regiment Armory on West Washington street on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Over 200 couples took part in the grand march, led by James Cleary and Miss Maggie Cleary. Twenty numbers were danced to the music of the Second Regiment orchestra. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames—Richard Powers, Thomas Flood, P. Mahoney, John Gallagher, S. Carmody, James Cleary, Patrick McNulty, James O'Keefe, T. L. Keyes, John Mulvihille, Edward Hanrahan, Patrick Egan, Patrick Cooney, John Morgan, James Hannon, Thomas Kelly, J. O'Callaghan, Thomas McGurty, C. McLoughlan, James Kennedy, Edward Quinn, G. H. Comertord, J. Perkins, A. G. Bourke.

Everybody enjoyed themselves at the reception given by Father Hogan's Y. M. T. A. and B Society at Carr's Academy on Wood street. About 150 couples were present.

A ball was given by Court Henry Horner, No. 166, I. O. F., in the new Madison Hall on West Madison street. There was a very large attendance. During the evening Mr. Isaac Horner presented the Court with a handsome banner, in memory of the dedication of the hall. The grand march was led by T. C. Mulchay and Miss Mulchay.

In New York.

New York was also favored with fair weather on St. Patrick's Day. The flags were flying on the city hall, with the green banner in the middle. Archbishop Corrigan celebrated pontifical mass at the Cathedral in the morning, which was lent military splendor by the presence of the Sixty ninth Regiment.

The civic parade was one of the largest ever held on St. Patrick's Day. It formed in Washington square and marched uptown, chiefly through Fifth avenue, and was reviewed at Union square. Grand Marshal Hickey was in command. All the Hibernian societies of the metropolis, ancient and modern, seemed to have turned out.

Mayor Grant, with a new white flag of his station flung out upon the cottage balcony overlooking the Union square plaza, stood throughout the procession in review.

The Knights of St. Patrick and their friends to the number of 350 or more ate real Munster mutton and salmon from the waters of the Shannon at the Metropolitan Hotel at night. There was no hocus pocus about the mutton or salmon, for both came over on the Servia. It was a great dinner. Comptroller Myers told Fire Commissioner Parroy that it was the best public dinner he ever ate.

Three hundred Irish-Americans ate off green bordered china at Delmonico's, while dozens of green incandescent lights shone down on the banqueters. It was the occasion of the 106th annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and President Crimmins said it was the most successful dinner ever given by the society. In the first place, Secretary Foster denied that he ever used the phrase "Flannel mouthed Irishmen;" Chauncey M. Depew was especially eloquent; the Congressional wit, John M. Allen, of Mississippi, told several good stories, and an orchestra played "Bells of Shandon" and "Wearing of the Green." I do not intend to trespass upon your time," said Secretary Foster." "When I was invited this afternoon by your worthy chairman, I was informed, and it was a part of the agreement, that I was not to make any explanation about 'flannel-mouthed Irishmen.' (Laughter.) A little over three weeks ago I left this country for a trip to Europe. I have returned this morning, and find that the treasury and the gold in the treasury have both increased." When Secretary Foster sat down, Mr. S. M. Saunders asked, "Did you ever use the phrase 'flannel-mouthed Irishmen?'"

"No," was the terse reply, followed by applause.

The St. Patrick's Day festival and games under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York county took place at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and Second avenue.

The celebration of the Gaelic Society, at its club house, No. 17 West Twenty-eighth street was a characteristic one, differing in many respects from the usual method of honoring the festival—in none more so than in the fact that here all the participants represented the coming men of the Irish American race, while the paraders and diners might truly be said to belong to the passing generation. The proceedings opened with a short address in the old Irish tongue, on the Patrician Period, by the Seanachie of the society, M. A. O'Byrne, and Mr. Maher followed by reciting the "Lorica Phadraic," or the hymn said by St. Patrick before the assembled Chiefs and Druids at the hill of Tara. Miss Barclay played Villiers Stanford's fantasie, "St. Patrick," on the piano, and Mr. Henry Magee sang Lover's legend of "The Four-leaved Shamrock." Mr. Kent read Aubrey DeVere's "Disbelief of Milcho; or, St. Patrick's One Failure," after which E T. McCrystal sung spiritedly "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." J. J Murphy spoke on the New school of Gaelic writers, and P. J. Sheils on the writers of the "Young Ireland Party." P J Monahan sang "The Memory of the Dead" and "The Boys of Wexford," and Miss Fox "Erin, oh, Erin," and "The Patriot Mother." After the literary and musical exercises of the evening were gone through, the members enjoyed themselves with a real old country "seanachas" and "rinces," terminating at midnight.

In Ottawa, Ill.

OTTAWA, Ill., March 18.—Ireland's national holiday was appropriately and patriotically celebrated in this city by the United Catholic Societies by a grand parade and enthusiastic meeting. After years of inactivity the various Irish organizations were brought together by the efforts of E. J. Kelly, County Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; W. J. Dwyer, of the W.C.U.; T. F. Quinn, of the Father Mathew T.A. & B. Society, and J. F. Madden of the famous Clover Club.

The above named organizations turned out in large numbers with banners flying in the crisp morning air, and the Stars and Stripes with the green flag of Ireland floating proudly side by side proceeded to St. Columba's church, where high mass was chanted by the Rev E. J. Scanlan, and a patriotic and eloquent address on Ireland's patron saint was delivered by the pastor, Rev. Dean Keating. The choir rendered in strains enchanting a number of Ireland's sweetest melodies, especially prepared for the occasion. After mass the procession was re-formed and paraded the principal streets, after which they assembled in the A.O.H. hall and listened to stirring and eloquent addresses by J. F. Madden, E. J. Kelly, and Ald. W. J. Dwyer. The celebration was successful beyond all expectations, and will prove, it is hoped, an incentive to renewed activity and effort by the Irish organizations of Ottawa. C.

[Other St. Patrick's Day News on 8th Page.]

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

Father Manus O'Dowd, vicar general of Killala, was a man rather past middle age, with robust and well-knitted frame and free and affable deportment. His countenance, ruddy with health, wore a peculiarly humorous and cheerful expression, but there was a striking firmness about the mouth, a bold and indomitable spirit gazing forth from those clear blue eyes. Scion that he was of a dauntless and spirited Milesian race, he was one who in the pursuit of his sacred calling braved many an arduous trial and suffering—ay, and he could with willingness and fortitude brave death itself, even such a cruel and agonizing death as was inflicted about a century and a half before in Moyne monastery on his namesake, Friar John O'Dowd, whom the English troops tortured to death in a vain attempt to induce him to violate the seal of confession, they compressing his temples with the cord of his habit until his eyes burst from their sockets!

Father Manus's duties as vicar-general were many, severe, and deeply fraught with peril. The former Catholic bishop of Killala, Dr. Thaddeus O'Rourke, who had one time been chaplain and private secretary to the great Prince Eugene, had closed a hunted and persecuted life in the house of his brother-in-law, Denis O'Connor of Ballinagar, dying of a complication of disorders contracted by sleeping sometimes in the open air and sometimes in the open air and sometimes in miserable hovels—"such," says his biographer, "was the end of a man who had conversed with kings and emperors!" His successor, Peter Archdekin (consecrated a year or two previous to that of our story's opening, by the archbishop of Pharsalia in the Irish Franciscan convent at Prague) had as yet but little opportunity of braving the priest hunters and attending to the affairs of his diocese. So under these circumstances Father Manus was a very hard-worked soggarth.

However, even in that time of persecution, there was little stint of devoted religious in the diocese. The Protestant bishop of the see, Dr. Mordecai Carey, in his report furnished six years previously to the Irish parliament, preparatory to the fulmination of a new and virulent decree against the "papists," numbers the clergy of the Established Church as nine, and states with querulous contempt that "the popish schools are so numerous that a Protestant schoolmaster cannot get bread, and that there are numbers of vagrant friars complained of, who go about prophesying to the poor people for a handful of flax or pecks of barley, and others who profess a kind of pilgrimage."

These details, tedious though they be, may help to give the reader a meet idea of the hardship, suffering, and calumny, wearing and worrying, that was the lot of an Irish Catholic clergyman of the period—of such a one as Father O'Dowd.

"You would want a new coat, father," remarked Marion laying her hand on the sleeve of the soggarth's garment, which was seedy, patched in places, and of a rusty brown—indeed a full century has not passed since brown was the color generally worn by the Catholic clergy both of Ireland and England, as they dared not presume to appear in the clerical black.

"Never mind, my child," he replied with a laughing toss of his head; "many a hard shower has soaked it, but 'tis a good, comfortable old cassock yet. Any how, I have not been wearing it very much of late, seeing that it would not suit the various characters I have been obliged to assume in order to baffle the vigilance of the enemy—for instance, those of a peasant woman, a peddler, and a beggar."

"You, Father Manus!"

"Yes, colleen, necessity has made me a skilled masquerader. Even this morning my disguise outwitted the keen-scented Wat Ormsby himself, whom I met and passed on my way hither from Moygowna—I the priest of God stealing along in the rags of a strolling boccagh, a patch over my eye and a tattered handkerchief round my head. Many a strange *mar œuvre* we hunted folk must have recourse to—Heaven aid us to baulk the wiles of Satan till the period of tribulation is past."

"And that shall not be long!" ejaculated Edmund Bourke with shrill vehemence, striking the table sharply with his worn hand—"no, by all the blood spilt at Aughrim! The king over the water shall have his own again, and then the tables shall be turned, the case shall be altered!"

"God send!" said the vicar-general, echoing the prayer for the success of the monarch *de jure*—though indeed the spirited soggarth had never been a very warm admirer of the worthless line of the Stuarts.

"How is Ulick?" he inquired, suddenly changing the subject.

The old man knitted his grey eyebrows.

"Ulick is a bad boy, a bad boy!" he said; "I do not like his companions, his habits, or his amusements. He mixes too much with the bucks and the squireens of the barony—with the vile scum of Cromwellian shoeblacks that a Bourke of Rappa should scorn to give his hand to. He daily worries me for that which I cannot give—for money to support his wild career—ay, and stamps and storms at not getting it. *M'anam go'n Dhia*, father, I fear the boy will come to no good; every day he becomes more reckless and dissipated."

"Reckless and dissipated!" repeated the priest, looking very grave indeed at this strong paternal complaint.

"Poor Ulick is young and inconsiderate, father," remarked Marion apologetically; "besides, remember the hot blood of the Bourkes. I am sure my brother will amend after a little."

Father Manus shook his head. Then he beckoned to Fergus, who at once arose from the seat he had silently occupied during the foregoing discourse.

"Come with me, my dear son, I have something to tell you. Excuse us for a while, Edmund, and you, my child."

Fergus followed the priest into an adjoining room.

"Now, my son," said Father Manus in grave, earnest accents, "I have some very gloomy tidings for you. Now act like a man and a Christian, bear what I am about to tell you with becoming fortitude, and meekly accept what has been sent as a trial from on high."

"Well, Father, what is it? Has anything evil happened at home?" inquired Fergus with a poignant dawn of alarm.

"Be calm, Fergus; my poor boy, you have a home no longer. Last night after you had escaped from Ormsby and the dragoons your mother's cottage was burned to the ground."

CHAPTER VII.

"Fear him for his sweet speech—
He never kept his word;—
For his seeming friendship,
For that means fire and sword,
Trust him not with shelter,
Nor with board or bed:
Fear his proffered wine-bowl,
For that means murder red."

The priest's revelation was a fearful shock to the young man. His face grew ashy white; his heart seemed to stop its beating.

"My mother?" he all breathlessly inquired.

"Happily, your mother and old Donal escaped unharmed from the flames. They are now in the house of a friend of yours—Mihaul Crean, of Annaghmore. You would do well to go over there at once and see them, as no doubt they feel very anxious on your account.

"I will do so, father," said Fergus, feeling much relieved.

"You will require to be very cautious then, for you may be certain a warrant has been issued for your arrest, and that Ormsby is hunting for traces of you."

"The scoundrel! He it was who left our home in ashes. Can nothing be done to obtain justice against him?"

"Justice on Wat Ormsby!—yes in the next world. Well, a safe journey, my son; I shall inform the gentry in the next room of your departure, and we shall expect you back in a few hours. In your route to Annaghmore I would advise you to avoid the high road as much as possible and keep to the fields, where you shall be less likely to meet an enemy. Good-bye for the present, avic, and God send you safe."

Fergus started on his journey at a quick, eager pace that soon brought him to the familiar place of his birth, which lay almost directly in his route, and there a melancholy and afflicting sight met his eyes—a sight that filled him with impassioned sorrow and wrath. The cherished old homestead that had so long sheltered him and his lay stark and desolate before him, a blackened and roofless ruin—a grim token of the vengeance of the malicious enemy.

For a few moments he stood surveying the scene in silent grief; then with a galled and tearful heart he resumed his journey, striding along at the same rapid pace.

Father O'Dowd's exhortations forcibly recurred to him. He began to ask himself was this a visitation from heaven. His home had been given to the flames even while he himself was concurring in a measure by his silence, in the Rapparee's scheme for the destruction of Deel Castle.

He recollected with a shudder his solemn oath on the Mias Tiarnain—recollected his engagement to meet the coming night, and the dread purpose for which they were to assemble—recollected that he was a sworn Rapparee.

By means of a boat borrowed from a neighbor he reached the Isle of Annaghmore in safety, and had a hearty welcome in the cabin of Mihaul Crean—him whose daughter had been so singularly rescued from the very grave itself. Here he found his mother and Donal Murray, who were both overjoyed at seeing him, despite the sad misfortune that had fallen upon all three.

"Come here, Fergus, and take the hand you helped to save from the cold clay," said a faint but cheerful voice, and a girl who, wrapped in a thick woolen shawl, sat without the door in the genial sunshine, extended towards him a thin, white hand.

He took it, and pressed it gently.

"Well, Aileen, how are you? Thank goodness I see the roses coming again upon your cheeks. You are looking very well."

"Better than I looked last night in the coffin, Fergus," remarked the Rapparee's beloved, with a slight shudder. "But what took me from my grave? Who snatched me from death?"

"The hand of Providence, allanna," he answered, happily convinced the poor girl should never hear of the hag's ghastly quest, that had led to her resuscitation.

"True for you, Fergus," said Mihaul Crean, who also remained in ignorance on the subject, as he gently smoothed his daughter's raven-black tresses; "ma colleen oge will soon brighten into herself again."

"When next you see Miler, Fergus," she whispered, "you will give him the heart's love of Aileen Crean."

He nodded a smiling acquiescence. He remained on the island almost till sunset, and a sharp pang—a presentiment of fresh trouble and misfortune—smote his heart on his departure.

"Do not delay long, Fergus avourneen," enjoined the Widow O'R— as at parting "Try to be back before nightfall, whatever you do."

Little did the good woman think what a dreary, dreary vigil would be hers ere she should see the face of her son again.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

LADIES MUST NOT BATHE

When Weary, or When its Process Seems Like a Difficult Task—Do Not Drive the Body to Further Labor When it is Asking for Rest.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 21.—It is gratifying indeed to have so many questions asked by women on hygienic subjects, though it must be confessed that there are occasional ones which should be referred to a physician instead of an unprofessional outsider. But study, observation and experience have proven a few things to be true, and my readers are cordially welcome to all that I know or have the ability to impart.

One woman writes, for instance, that she supposes it is terrible to admit it, but that it always makes her ill to take a bath, and for that reason she prefers dirt to cleanliness.

This is not an uncommon experience There are many women so nervously sensitive that they are compelled to take their ablutions in sections and to whom a tub bath is impossible. Such sensitives should be very careful, as much harm has often resulted from the advice and frequently the ridicule of those who do not believe in nerves.

It will not do to say that a woman should never take a full bath when tired, because there are different kinds of fatigue, and for certain kinds a bath is a great renovator as well as a great luxury. The housekeeper who has been on her feet all day, who has used her arms incessantly and whose mental machinery has also kept time to the work of the hands, or vice versa, and who comes out of her kitchen or nursery too tired to draw a natural breath, should not as a rule take a bath. The reasons for this are obvious. It is added work. The hands are again called into active service, the muscles are brought again into play, and exhaustion follows instead of refreshment. A recumbent and passive position, and a nap if possible, are the natural and hygienic remedies for such a person. Even the feeling that "cleanliness is next to godliness" will not compensate for the ragged sensations, the miserable weariness that follows a bath under such circumstances.

There is another kind of fatigue which is relieved by a bath. Let us take for instance, the woman who has been traveling hours on a train or in a carriage. Her weariness is general. The muscles have not been used, and only a special set of nerves called into service. Usually in such cases there is nothing more helpful than a bath.

The trouble with all of these things is that we have been educated to regard them in the light of duties. We must take our baths at certain times, whether we are tired to death or not. We must eat three meals a day whether we have an appetite or not.

Do not bathe when weary or when the process seems like a difficult task.

Do not eat, especially do not force yourself to eat, solid food when not hungry. The stomach needs rest quite as much as the body.

Do not drive the body to further labor when it is asking for rest.

The women who are compelled to do their own housework should always have a lounge conveniently placed. Sometimes a perfect rest of ten minutes will so oil both the physical and mental machinery as to make the rest of the day a pleasure instead of a pain.

Every woman should learn to relax both body and mind. For this benign purpose there are exercises and definit instruction provided by the competent.

A change of occupation is sometimes a real refreshment. For instance, the woman whose feet and legs and pelvic organs are weary and aching, can rest these organs and utilize her time by a semi recumbent position. With some pillows at her back she can sew and accomplish wonders.

My advice to those who are thus resting is to read if possible. This is sometimes out of the question, but busy housekeepers often think they cannot enjoy themselves in this way when it is really their duty to do so.

Some rather harsh criticisms have been from time to time made upon my advice to women in this matter of overwork. No one realizes more keenly than the writer the absolute impossibility of rest under some circumstances. The mother with sick children must usually be on deck day and night. When there is diptheria or typhoid fever in the house it is difficult to think of one's own health or comfort But what is the mother worth at such crises who has constantly overworked herself? She has no reserve force and is consequently in no condition to bear the extra strain.

Any questions pertaining to the physical or relaxing exercises I shall be pleased to answer. ELEANOR KIRK

GAELIC POETRY.

Dan do Mhuire.

S. P. O'Cianddigh ro chan.

A bhainrioghain na naomh 's na n-aingeal
Faoi d' choimire indiú 's go bráth
Cuirim mo chroidhe a's m'anam;
A bhainrioghain na ngrás 's an ghrádh!

A bhainrioghain, a mháthair na bh-flaitheas!
A bhainrioghain, a chómpla na n-óigh!
Do choimire, a bhainrioghain na n-apstol,
Iarrfad a's guidhfead lem' ló.

A bhainrioghain deagh-aigneach, deagh-mhianach!
A bhainrioghain, deagh-chómpla na m-beith!
A bhainrioghain deagh-labharthach, deagh-chómhairleach!
A bhainrioghain deagh-chroidheach, deagh-ghnéch!

Go h-umhal, go h-ómósach, a mhaighdean,
Seadh shleachtuighim mé féin ós do chómhair;
Ag guidhe d'eadarghuidhe le mo Thighearna,
O fágh dam go fiaimhar a chobhair.

Anois, a naemh-mhaighdean na maighdean,
Tabhair dísteacht dom' ghuidhe, athchuinighim
Deun sith eidir mise a's Iosa,
Gidh nach fiú mé, a Oigh, admhuighim.

—*From the Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

The eighth annual report of the Irish Association for the Training and Employment of women shows that since its foundation in 1883 the society has steadily advanced. During the past year work to the amount of £587 2s. 7.1 was done in the various departments, showing an increase of £67 17s as compared with the previous year. The number of pupils, too, was considerably in advance of former years, and consequently the year closes with a balance to the credit of the association of £104 9s 4d. There are classes for seminary work, plan tracing, illuminating, shorthand, wood carving, bookkeeping, photo printing, etc., showing that the aim of the association is eminently practical. The association is altogether unsectarian in its aims and management, and deserves the support of the public.

Strikes at the root—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That's the reason so many different diseases and disorders yield to it. They all have the same beginning—there's a torpid liver or impure blood. And they all have the same ending—they're *cured*, by this remedy.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; the most obstinate Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema and kindred ailments; the worst forms of Scrofula—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; every blood-taint and disorder, no matter how it came—all are cured by it.

It's the *only* medicine for all such diseases that's so positively certain in its effects that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, the money is refunded.

Nothing else can be "just as good." It may be better—for the dealer. But *he* isn't the one who needs help. Beware of spurious *imitations* or *dilutions*, offered at less prices.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. McGill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognised the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

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THE BLAND SILVER BILL

Debate on the Measure Begun in the House.

VISITORS CROWD THE GALLERIES.

Tracey Raises a Point of Order but It Is Overruled and Bland Opens the Debate—Money Appropriated for Western Rivers in the River and Harbor Bill—Lord Salisbury's Reply Discussed at a Meeting of the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The debate on the Bland silver bill in the house being one of the vital questions of the day, the public manifested their interest by crowding the galleries at a very early hour. The executive and diplomatic galleries contained several officials and foreign diplomats, the first occupants of these galleries this session since the opening days of congress. On the floor the attendance at 12 o'clock was not noticeably larger than on ordinary occasions. An hour later, however, the seats were well filled, and close attention was paid to the remarks of Mr. Bland, who opened the discussion. Bland rose to speak when Tracey of New York, made a point of order immediately after the bill was read, that, under the rule, it should be considered in committee of the whole.

Overruled the Point of Order.

The speaker stated that he had examined this matter when the bill was reported and it was referred, as he thought properly, to the house calendar. An examination of this express question was raised in the Fiftieth congress. Dingley of Maine, stated that the bill then did not have a provision in it for the coinage of notes. The speaker said that he understood the law there was no special appropriation made by this bill. Dingley said there was a charge devolved upon the treasury that treasury notes should be prepared and exchanged for the purchase of silver coin. She speaker said he was not so informed and overruled the point of order raised by Tracey. Unanimous consent was asked and obtained for gentlemen to extend their remarks to the record.

Equal Division of Time.

It was also agreed, after some discussion, that the house should take a recess at 5 o'clock Tuesday and Wednesday until 7:30 p. m. and adjourn at 10:30 p. m. Taylor of Illinois, in charge of the anti-Republican side, inquired what arrangement had been made as to time. Bland replied that the opponents and the friends of the measure would divide the time equally. Watson (Farmer's Alliance) of Georgia thought there should be some division. He hoped the gentleman from Missouri would not think the party he (Watson) represented was trying to block the silver bill; they wanted to help pass it. They stood as one independent party.

Bland (tartly)—We are all independent on this question. [Applause and cries of "regular order."]

Without further interruption Bland was recognized and proceeded with the speech.

RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

Some of the Amounts Appropriated for Rivers in the West.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Among the items for rivers in the river and harbor bill are the following: Michigan—Saginaw, $100,000; Black river at the mouth, $10,000; Rouge river, $11,600; Detroit river, removing shoals from Detroit to Lake Erie, $80,000; Grasse Pointe channel, $10,000; Black river improvement at Port Huron, $10,000. Illinois—Calumet, $75,000; Illinois, $100,000. Wisconsin—Fox river, $75,000, and Menominee $30,000. Indiana—Wabash, below Vincennes, $60,000. An appropriation of $4,475,000 is made for the Mississippi river as follows: Reservoirs at head waters, $30,000; river from Des Moines to the mouth of Illinois river, $1,500,000; river from the head of the passes to the mouth of the Ohio river, $2,000,000; harbor of Greenville, Miss., $100,000; harbor at Vicksburg, $80,000; harbor at Natchez, $80,000; harbor at Memphis, $25,000, and rectification of Red and Athafalia rivers, $80,000.

Discussing Salisbury's Reply.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Lord Salisbury's reply to Acting Secretary of State Wharton's note of March 8, was laid before the cabinet at its session Tuesday and was the sole topic of discussion. The cabinet met with unusual promptitude, and a few minutes after the hour of assembling (11:30 a. m.) every member, with the exception of Secretary Blaine, was in his seat. The discussion throughout was earnest, evidencing the importance of the matter under consideration, and was participated in by every member present, the president assuming a leading part.

The Sturgeon Bay Ship Canal.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—An appropriation of $81,823 is carried in a bill introduced by Senator Vilas, providing for the purchase of the Sturgeon bay ship canal. The canal is to be delivered to the government for use as a free waterway upon payment of the amount appropriated to the company owning it.

Solicitor General Aldrich Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The senate in executive session Monday confirmed C. H. Aldrich of Illinois to be solicitor general of the United States.

Queen Victoria Reaches Hyeres.

HYERES, March 22.—Queen Victoria and party arrived here Monday. They were received quietly by the mayor and perfect on behalf of the town and government. The queen in reply to the welcome extended to her graciously expressed her thanks. The route to the hotel was decorated with arches of flowers and was filled with a cheering multitude.

Famous Collection of Trotting Mares.

LEXINGTON, Ky., March 22.—A. J. Hook of Paris, Ky., has sold the bay filly Annores, 3 years old, record 2:26¼ at 2 years, by Cyclone-Neoma, to A. H. Moore of Cloverdale farm, Colmar, Pa. The terms are private. Mr. Moore has now the most famous collection of trotting mares ever owned by one establishment in the world.

Arbor Day in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 22.—The governor has issued a proclamation designating Friday, April 8, as Arbor Day, and requesting people to observe it by planting trees, shrubs and vines. Teachers and pupils in public schools are especially enjoined to observe the day.

DISASTER ON THE RAIL.

One Man Burned to Death in Sight of Many People.

WHEELING, W. Va., March 22.—By an accident which occurred at 11 o'clock Monday morning, near Fairmont, on the Monongahela railroad, a feeder of the Baltimore and Ohio, about seventy miles east of Wheeling, one man was burned to death in the sight of many people, who were unable to release him, another was fatally injured, and three were seriously hurt.

Held Fast to the Stove.

A passengen train collided with a coal train, and the rear car on the former was telescoped by the one immediately in front of it. Both cars caught fire from the stoves, and W. S. Strather, a business man of Fairmont, who was sitting on the seat near the stove in the telescoped car, was caught and held fast. The flames caught his clothing, and he was burned to death. His head and body were almost consumed, only a portion of the trunk being taken from the ruins of the cars. Two of his sons were witnesses.

"Cannon Ball" Train Wrecked.

FINDLAY, O., March 22.—The "Cannon Ball" train on the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western railroad was wrecked about two miles west of the city at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon and a number of persons were seriously injured, two of whom, the engineer and fireman, are likely to die. The accident was caused by a broken rail, which ditched and demolished the engine, wrecked two passenger coaches and made kindling wood of the baggage car. The seriously injured are: Alexander Shannon, engineer; E. E. White, fireman; both having crushed limbs.

He Listened at the 'Phone.

VIENNA, March 22.—The director of the Telephone company here has been removed and an official government inquiry is pending against him because he listened at the 'phone whenever the emperor, his ministers, or the big bankers of the city were talking. He ordered the employes to call him to the 'phone whenever conversation was in progress between high officials or financiers and is supposed to have used the information he gained for speculation or blackmailing. He has been replaced by a government official.

Carriage Factory Destroyed.

BOSTON, March 22.—By a fire that started from some unknown cause after midnight Monday night Henderson Bros.' immense carriage factory and repository, taking up nearly the entire block bounded by North avenue and Hadley, Russell and Orchard streets, North Cambridge, together with nearly one thousand carriages, hundreds of sets of harness and several stores on the ground floor, was burned to the ground. Several small tenement houses on Hadley street were also burned. Loss over $300,000.

Five Persons Burned to Death.

SLEEPY EYE, Minn., March 22.—News of a terrible disaster six miles south of Springfield has reached here. A house took fire and five children fell victims to the fiery fiend. The oldest was about 22. The father was severely scorched, probably fatal. He was pulled out by a boy 14 years old. Only one inmate, J. Leahy, escaped unhurt. He woke up, ran from the house, and returned and dragged his father out. The mother was absent from home at the time.

Denounced the Lynchers.

CARROLLTON, Mo., March 22.—Judge Broadus, in delivering his charge to the grand jury, denounced in the strongest terms the lynching of Lewis Gordon a week ago for assault upon Mrs. John Perreton. He charged the jury to indict every person connected with it, or violate their oaths of office and be prosecuted for perjury. The charge has created great excitement, inasmuch as some of the most prominent men of the town were implicated in the lynching.

Wanamaker Must Pay the Duty.

NEW YORK, March 22.—On March 24 last John Wanamaker imported a consignment of wool caps at the rate of 49½ cents a pound and 60 per cent. ad valorem, and on the cotton zephyrs and crepes at the rate of 45 per cent. ad valorem. Mr. Wanamaker appealed to the board of general appraisers, claiming that the duties levied were excessive. The board has just sustained the collector's decision.

Charged with Bribery and Perjury.

GREENSBURG, Pa., March 22.—Ex-County Detective Richard Alcorn made information against District Attorney J. A. McCurdy, charging him with bribery and perjury, alleging that the state's officer, during his canvass for election last fall used undue means and paid money to certain parties to be used to purchase votes and that McCurdy swore falsely when the oath of office was administered.

Miners Resume Work.

DUQUOIN, Ills., March 22.—A contract for one year was signed Monday by the mine operators and miners and work was resumed Tuesday. Thirty-five cents a ton gross will be paid for the first six months and 37½ cents for the second period. Drivers will receive $1.60 and $1.75 per day of nine and one-half hours. Full time will be worked Saturday and the miners paid weekly.

The Lynchers Were All Insane.

DARLINGTON, Wis., March 22.—The jury in the Sieboldt lynching case returned a verdict at 9:15 p. m. finding that at the time of the lynching all of the defendants were insane and therefore not guilty as charged, and that Alonzo Taylor, John E. Morgan, and Hezikiah Andrews have not yet recovered. They will be sent to the Mendota hospital. The others were discharged.

"Firing" the Brotherhood Men.

CINCINNATI, March 22.—The United States Express company, following the example of the Adams, is discharging from its service all of its employes who are identified with the Brotherhood of Express Messengers. The work of lopping them off began several days ago, and up to this time thirteen in all have been discharged.

Free Schoolbooks in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., March 22.—The question of free schoolbooks which has been agitated in the state for years was brought to a focus by the introduction of a bill providing for the same, the school boards to furnish all books free, without regard to the ability of parents to purchase.

The Gatch Bill Defeated.

DES MOINES, March 22.—The house defeated the Gatch bill Thursday morning the vote being 52 to 46 for indefinitely postponing.

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

A Frightful Disaster Occurs at East Jordan, Mich.

EXPLOSION OF A SAW MILL BOILER.

The Accident Happens While the Employes of the Mill Were Waiting for Steam to Raise So They Could Go to Work—Seven Men Killed by the Explosion and a Number of Others Injured—Fatal Explosion at St. Louis.

EAST JORDAN, March 21.—The boiler of the East Jordan Lumber company's mill No. 2, known as the "Big Red mill," blew up at 7:30 o'clock Monday morning, instantly killing the following persons: William Beach, aged 18, unmarried; Bert Cook, aged 30, leaves a widow; Emanuel Hunt, aged 40, leaves a widow and one child; Simon Carney, aged 26, unmarried; Peter Sheldon, aged 29, unmarried; John Brown, aged 30, unmarried.

The Dangerously Injured.

Sanderson Reinhard, badly injured about the limbs; John Ringle, seriously injured about the head, will die; Anosi Christy, seriously and recovery doubtful; James Smith seriously injured. In addition a score of other employes were more or less seriously injured. The mill was valued at $10,000 and is a total wreck. The cause of the explosion is still unknown.

When the Explosion Occurred.

The morning was cold and the men engaged about the mill were in the engine room waiting for steam to come up. The usual pressure of steam had just been reached and part of the men had gone to their posts when the explosion occurred. Those who remained in the engine room were instantly killed. Of the injured Anosi Christi has since died. John Ringle had both eyes blown out and cannot live. Sanderson Reinhard is also fatally injured.

Another Terrible Boiler Explosion.

ST. LOUIS, March 22.—At Cheltingham at 2:30 Monday afternoon the boiler of the Laclede Fire Brick company's works exploded, killing four men and injuring seven, some of whom are seriously injured. Among the killed are James Hussey and the engineer and fireman. The other has not yet been identified.

THAYER NOT SATISFIED.

He Wants Some More Law on That Governorship Question.

LINCOLN, Neb., March 21.—On Tuesday next ex-Governor Thayer will move in the state supreme court for a reopening of the case of Thayer vs. Boyd. This announcement causes much surprise. Thayer was out of town when the federal supreme court mandate was served upon the judges of the state supreme court last Tuesday. He says he is impelled to his action by the earnest solicitation of the leading men of the state. His attorneys will make their argument on the theory that the United States supreme court decision merely overruled the demurrer of Governor Thayer to Governor Boyd's answer; therefore it is only necessary for a reply to be filed to Boyd's answer, which averred upon information and belief that Joseph Boyd, father of J. E. Boyd had completed his naturalization in 1854, at a time when J. E. Boyd was a minor, and alleging further that James E. Boyd had for many years been a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the law and acts of congress.

Will Withdraw His Resignation.

BERLIN, March 21.—General Caprivi has returned from his visit to Hubertusstock in answer to the summons of the emperor. The chancellor is reticent as to the facts of the interview, except that at the command of his sovereign he has consented to withdraw his resignation and remain at the head of the cabinet. The chancellor had gone on Sunday with the determination to insist upon his resignation being accepted, but the kaiser made an earnest personal appeal that mollified Caprivi's indignation and brought about what is called a reconciliation.

These Cruel Chicago Police.

CHICAGO, March 21.—Five hundred persons, among them a large number of so-called anarchists and socialists, met at Battery D Saturday night to celebrate the anniversary of the commune. Trouble was anticipated by the police and a force of 200 men was held in reserve. While there were a number of police officers in the hall, besides stenographers to take down the speeches, the sale of beer was stopped, and deprived of something to enthuse upon the speeches were very mild.

Postal Clerk in a Bad Box.

OMAHA, March 21.—W. C. Leighty, a postal clerk on the B. and M. road from Lincoln to Hasting was arrested at the latter place Monday morning on the charge of robbing the mails and using the mails for blackmail. He tried to blackmail R. C. Outcalt, cashier of the Capitol National Bank of Lincoln, and was caught by decoy letters. Leighty operated under the alias of Herron.

The Michigan's Boilers Condemned.

ERIE, Pa., March 21.—A commission of inspection has condemned the boilers of the United States steamer Michigan, the only war vessel on the great lakes, lying now at this port, her headquarters. The removal of the boilers, which were placed in position in 1860, will probably disclose such a state of the ship's hull that she will permanently go out of commission.

Will Insure Mills' Election.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 18.—Mr. Culberson has withdrawn from the senatorial race. His friends say this is not in the interest of any other candidate. It is believed, however, that a number of his supporters will go over to Mills, which will insure Mills' election. It is said that Chilton will come from Washington shortly to withdraw from the senatorial contest.

Signed by the President.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—The president has signed the urgency deficiency appropriation bill; the act making an appropriation in aid of Arizona's exhibit at the World's fair, and the act making appropriations to supply a deficiency in the department of agriculture.

River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—The river and harbor appropriation bill, as agreed upon in committee, appropriates about $20,000,000. This amount is $300,000 less than the bill of 1888 as reported from the committee, and about $4,000,000 less than the same bill when it passed.

BOODLEISM IN NEW JERSEY.

The Legalizing of the Reading Combine Must Have Cost Much Money.

NEW YORK, March 21.—A special from Philadelphia to The Herald says there was bribery, and enormous bribery at that, to secure the passage of the bill by the New Jersey legislature legalizing the gigantic coal combination of the Reading railroad with the New Jersey Central, Lehigh Valley and Lackawanna. Proof of it is furnished on the word of State Senator Maurice Alexander of Camden county, and his word will be accepted unquestionably from one end of the state to the other. The senator declares that on the morning of the final passage of the bill, when an eleventh vote was needed to make a majority of the senate, he was approached by people whom he knows well, and who, in behalf of a syndicate of bribers, offered him $.0,000 to vote for the bill.

Named an Enormous Sum.

He indignantly repelled the man, who, by the way happens to be a close acquaintance. Afterwards the man came to him and said that he had reported to his superiors that Senator Rogers could not be reached. They told him to try again and named an enormous sum. He said there was no use to try any more, so they resumed their efforts on the other members who had not pledged themselves to support the bill. Senator Rogers refused to name the amount of the second offer, but said that it was so large that if put at 6 per cent. interest he need not have worked any more. He refused to name the person who approached him, saying it would cause greater pain to his feelings if he told than any public praise could assuage.

Likely To Be Investigated.

Senator Rogers says he was stunned as he sat in the senate that morning and saw the bill pass. He had suspected bribery before, but then he knew it. He also said that as soon as he had an opportunity he told friends, and immediately on his return home told the members of his family. Senator Rogers' statement will create a sensation. Though there have been many rumors that an enormous amount of boodle was used to pass the bill, they could not be traced to any definite source. The matter is now likely to be investigated.

Chicago Aldermen Indicted.

CHICAGO, March 21.—Late Monday afternoon indicements were returned by the grand jury against the following aldermen: W. J. O'Brien, D. R. O'Brien, Nicholas A. Cremer, Patrick J. Gorman, Philip Jackson, Stephen M. Gosselin, and John F. Dorman. They are charged with accepting bribes in connection with the granting of city franchises.

SAVINGS BANK CLOSED.

An Ohio Institution Fails with Working People the Victims.

PAINESVILLE, O., March 21.—The Painesville Savings and Loan Association bank closed its doors Monday morning. The depositors are generally working people, who are crowding around the building and threatening violence to the officials. Colonel R. K. Page, well-known in railway circles and one of the most prominent capitalists in northern Ohio, is at the head of the concern. No figures are obtainable at this time, and the cause of the failure cannot be learned. A notice on the door of the bank conveys the information that a settlement will be made with depositors as soon as possible.

Queen Victoria Goes to France.

LONDON, March 21.—Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice have started from Windsor for Hyeres, in the south of France. Her majesty will reside in a hotel at the foot of a hill at Notre Dame, below Hyeres, at a short distance from the town. The queen and princess are attended by the dowager lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby and Major Bigge. They cross the channel in the royal yacht Victoria Albert to Cherbourg, whence her majesty will proceed by direct special train to Hyeres. Her majesty's departure had been preceded by that of her favorite donkey, eight grey ponies and three carriages, which went to Hyeres by way of Boulogne.

Great Britain's Navy.

LONDON, March 21.—The British naval estimates provide for commencing three new battleships and ten torpedo vessels, besides an appropriation of £2,000,000 for competing ships now being built by private contract. The number of men in the navy is to be increased by the addition of three thousand one hundred to the present force, which is about seventy-one thousand, including officers, seamen, coast guard and royal marine. It is the purpose of the government to push forward vigorously toward the fulfillment of the intention to make the British navy equal to any other two in the world.

Effect of the Storm in Texas.

SAN ANGELO, March 21.—It is estimated that the losses to stock and sheep men by the recent blizzard will reach to $300,000. A party that was holding 1,200 steers near town Thursday night found 200 dead Friday morning. It is estimated that 20,000 cattle have perished along the line of the Denver, Texas and Gulf road between Trinidad and Fort Worth. From Kerrville the report is made that thousands of sheep on the range in that vicinity will die as a result of the blizzard.

Sherman Not a Candidate.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—"Senator Sherman is not a candidate for the presidency, nor will he permit the use of his name by any of his friends in that connection," said the Hon. W. A. Hahn, chirman of the Ohio Republican state committee, in reply to an inquiry as to the attitude of the Ohio senator on the presidential question. Senator Sherman himself said subsequently that he was not and would not under any circumstances be a candidate.

The Sick at Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 21. — Secretary Blaine continues to improve and his physician hopes that he will be able to ride out early next week. Senator Morrill's family much encouraged over the improvement in his condition and believe he has passed the danger line. Representative Springer's physician reports him as gaining a little strength every day. He sat up for awhile Friday.

Cheers for America.

LIBAU, March 21.—Two thousand employes of the arsenal chartered seven steamers and went to where the Indiana is lying at anchor. The people yelled and shouted and cheered for the captain, America and everything American. The Russians are most grateful everywhere for the evidence of American humanity and friendship.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings of a Week Stated in Brief Manner.

The Farmers' bank, with $25,000 paid up capital has been organized at Packwood, Ia. F. Z. Gillette is president and I. Tansy cashier.

Work on cruisers is being pushed at Mare Island navy yard, so that a formidable fleet can be sent to Behring sea if necessary.

Fred Hoppel was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary at Oshkosh, for forging the name of Bradley & Metcalf of Milwaukee to a check.

George Hiles has made an application for a receiver for the Milwaukee Power and Lighting company.

Numerous iron mills at Pittsburg have discharged part of their forces as a measure of retrenchment.

Benjamin Page died in Bloomingdale, N. Y., insane asylum where he had been confined twenty-seven years. At one time he was prominent in New York society.

E. E. Stevens and George D. Mitchell, New York attorneys, have arrived at San Francisco on their tour around the world on bicycles.

Joseph Leon died at Muncie, Ind., of blood poisoning, superinduced by cigarette smoking.

Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 40,810,000 bushels; decrease, 737,285. Corn, 12,304,000 bushels; increase 1,232,708.

In a barroom quarrel at Raton, N. M., John Maley was killed by Louis M. Blair of Chicago.

Special bureaus will be established in Russia to report annually as to the condition of grain, so that measures may be adopted to avert famines in future.

New York brokers, it is said, have defrauded the government of $100,000 in customs duties by a system of underweighing and false entries.

Jacob Boehm & Co., wholesale liquor dealers at Denver, Col., have failed. Immediately afterward Boehm poisoned himself. After his death it was found that he was a forger.

* * *

Mrs. James Gletner, a boarding house keeper of Martinsburg, W. Va., publicly cowhided Dave Weil, a clother, who had spoken disrespectfully of her. She was fined, but citizens took up a collection and paid her fine.

Returns of the French board of trade show that during the month of February imports decreased 740,000 francs and exports decreased 17,841,000 francs.

Three more damage suits growing out of the recent collision in Toledo have been filed against the Lake Shore and Flint and Pere Marquette roads, an aggregate of $265,000 to date.

A vote has been taken without discussion on the question of admitting women to the general conference by the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal conference, and resulted in the defeat of the proposition—101 yeas to 105 nays.

Finn Lawler, a politician and lumberman of Rhinelander, Wis., attempted suicide by cutting himself in the neck and body with a pocketknife. He will probably die.

Delaware has sent six cars of native woods to be exhibited at the World's fair.

J. E. Guenzburg, a Jewish banker at St. Petersburg, has failed for 6,000,000 roubles (about $4,620,000) owing in part to the animosity of the government.

William R. Merritt of Bristol, Ind., has failed with liabilities of $30,000 and assets of $10,000.

Four stallions, valued at $8,000, belonging to Charles Westsoup of Mattoon, Ills., were burned alive.

The members of the firm of Triegor & Co., saloon keepers at Valparaiso, Ind., have been arrested by a deputy United States marshal and taken to Indianapolis, charged with a violation of the internal revenue laws.

Mrs. Margaret Ash of Dallas City, Ia., has been awarded $700 damages because of injuries received in a defective sidewalk.

General Gourko asked permission of the Russian government to expel all the inhabitants of Warsaw except 50,000, but it was refused.

Burglars blew open the safe in the Northwestern railroad freight office at Galena, Ill., but were frightened away by the watchman before they could secure the $900 in currency which it contained.

The Farmers' Alliance of Jackson county, Wis., will establish a general store at Black River Falls.

* * *

Haywood Heathman, deputy clerk of the criminal court at Lexington, Mo., and Thomas and Jesse Graddy, brothers, went hunting on the river in a leaky skiff. They have not returned and it is supposed that they have been drowned.

Detlof Henz, 81 years of age, and his wife, who has seen 70 summers, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at Gelena, Ills.

New York coal agents have advanced the price of chestnut coal 25 cents on a ton.

Axel G. Burman of Battle Creek, Mich., has been appointed by the executive board of the Knights of Labor to translate the ritual of the order into the Swedish language.

Arthur Wilson, 58 years old, a weak-minded man of Adrian, Mich., was accidentally locked in a barn a week ago and was not discovered until he was almost starved.

The sugar trust is negotiating for the possession of the three independent refineries in Philadelphia.

The sale of school land in Traill county, N. D., aggregated 17,000 acres, bringing $346,000; average over $20 per acre.

Suits have been commenced against the bondsmen of M. J. O'Brien, the treasurer who stole $75,000 from the Catholic Knights of America, to recover that amount.

Samuel McCallister, a stock buyer of Milford Center, O., committed suicide by throwing himself under a train at Springfield.

Mr. Powderly says petitions to Governor Pattison favoring the perpetuation of the great coal trust are being circulated in all the mines of Pennsylvania and the miners are told that they can either sign these petitions or give up their places.

It has been agreed to suspend the regular services in all the evangelical churches of Rockford, Ills., next Sunday and hold two massmeetings to fight the open saloons in that city.

It is said that the congress of San Salvador has refused to ratify the reciprocity treaty with the United States.

A receiver has been appointed for the banking firm of Murietta & Co. of London. The firm's outstanding liabilities are stated to be £4,800,000.

* * *

John A. Mathieu, proprietor of a wood alcohol refinery at Detroit, has made an assignment to the Union Trust company. Liabilities $60,000.

Snow is twenty inches deep in some parts of Texas.

Samuel Adams, a rich farmer, went to Mount Carroll, Ills., engaged a room, locked himself in, took poison and died.

The People's party in Oregon have nominated a state ticket.

Thomas Ryan and James Collins, tramps, both under 20, were put off a train near Glidden, Wis. They then tried to kill the conductor, firing twenty shots at him but failed to hit him. They were arrested later.

William Hammond, aged 21, was caught in a belt at the Grandville Plaster mills at Grand Rapids and his entire body was crushed.

One of the largest salaries received by any man in this country is drawn by Mr. C. A. Griscom, the chief of the International Navigation company, who receives $60,000 a year.

James W. Moroe, 17 years old, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary at Madison, Wis., for assault on an 8-year-old child.

The recent snowstorm was the most severe ever experienced in Oklahoma. The land is frozen solid for a foot deep and is covered with eight inches of snow.

The Baltimore Journal of Commerce proposes a rousing reception to returning Minister Reid, all boards of trade and commercial bodies of the country to be represented.

The Folkething has appropriated 250,000 krones (about $66,000) for the expenses of Denmark's participation in the World's Columbian exposition.

A five-foot vein of coal has been discovered by a farmer, who was boring for water, near Marshalltown, Ia.

At the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at New York Secretary Foster emphatically denied that he gave expression to the words "flannel-mouthed Irishmen," during a recent interview in London.

Charles Vines has been convicted of the murder of Deputy Sheriff Morgan at Texarkana, Ark., and his punishment fixed at death.

* * *

The Boston chamber of commerce has adopted a resolution against the Washburn bill.

George Robinson and Harry Pratt have been found guilty of robbing Levy's jewelry store at Huron, S. D., of $1,500 worth of goods.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who is a passenger on the Belgic, was presented to Queen Liliuokalani during a stop of the Belgic en route to Yokohama.

Ottumwa, Ia., Masons have purchased a site and will erect a temple to cost at least $75,000.

The Rev. H. D. Benjamin, a prominent minister of Portsmouth, O., was found in his room at Scioto dead, hanging to an iron bracket. Temporary dementia caused by illness is supposed to have caused the suicide.

An unknown man committed suicide at Watertown, Wis., by taking morphine.

The comparative statement of clearing house exchanges for the week shows an increase of 15.7 per cent.

Lady Henry Somerset and her associates, Misses Frances Willard and Anna Gordon, arrived in Pittsburg. Lady Henry visited the mills and addressed 3,000 people, mostly mill workers and their wives.

Robert McClure, agent of the Law and Order society at Pittsburg, has been indicted for perjury. The charge was preferred by a newsdealer whom he had prosecuted for selling newspapers on Sunday.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts says he is not a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. He is entirely loyal to Mr. Cleveland.

An inquest was held at Cincinnati, on the body of a child 2½ years old, a victim of the "Christian science" treatment.

"Buckskin Jo" (Joseph Green), a veteran scout, has been arrested at Philadelphia for representing himself as a government officer and collecting pension fees.

A. W. Adams of Brownsdale, Pa., while sleeping in a hotel at Pittsburg, arose, dressed himself, and went to a depot, where he had his pocketbook checked. He returned to the hotel and retired again, without awaking.

Jethro Martin has been arrested at Indianapolis for the murder of his father at Martinsburg, Mo.

Six persons were killed by the explosion of a tugboat's boiler at Duisburg, in Rhenish Prussia.

* * *

A fall of slate in the Johnson coal mines, at Boone, Ia., caught Anthony Shell, who died from his injuries.

Washington Cottinham is on trial at Lebanon, Ind., on the charge of shooting with intent to kill. Cottingham recently rode through the village of Elizaville, Ind., firing a revolver at the people.

A. B. Bailey of Kenton, O., is in jail at Toledo, O., for counterfeiting. He was caught with newly made coins and the material for making more in his possession.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Fannie Rice in "A Jolly Surprise."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Denman Thompson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sadie Martinot in "Pompadour."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Soudan."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Sport McAllister."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GENERAL MILES ON OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles in a very interesting interview held in Washington with a press representative gave expression to some startling but seasonable truths in regard to the almost absolutely defenseless condition of the United States. The General knows well whereof he speaks. He is, perhaps, the best living authority on our coast and other defenses. He has, as he says himself, given careful consideration for many years to the subject. There are among civilians, he tells us, many delusions on the matter that seem to the military man almost unaccountable. The first is the supposition that there would be plenty of time in which to prepare for war. All history proves that many important wars were decided in a few weeks, some in a few days, and most were started without any notification whatever. Another delusion is that 60,000,000 of people with sixty billions of wealth could depend on their ingenuity to frighten away a great military or naval power from our frontier. General Miles furthermore denies that in the absence of land batteries, and being only a fourth rate naval power, we could properly defend our cities and harbors. Mere numbers, moreover, do not constitute any military or naval strength. In proportion to our wealth and population the army has been reduced to the extreme minimum.

Speaking of our navy and fortifications, the General significantly adds: "Too much is expected of our navy. It is almost ludicrous to think of holding the navy responsible for 4,000 miles of frontier, occupied by 10,000,000 of people, the possessors of one-twelfth of the country's wealth. The most a navy can do is to protect the commerce of a country and cope with foreign fleets. Fortifications will some day receive from the American people the consideration such defenses deserve. It is well if they will not receive it too late."

THE CITIZEN hopes that the facts made public by Gen. Miles, will receive due and immediate attention not only at the hands of the Washington authorities but also at those of the entire American people irrespective of class or party. The absolute necessity of looking after our coast defenses and of building a new navy powerful enough to cope with the strongest of European fleets ought to be patent to all. The lives, wealth and safety of millions of our fellow citizens on the seaboards of the Atlantic and Pacific are at jeopardy under the existing condition of things. New York, Brooklyn, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and other important centers of population would tomorrow be almost as completely at the mercy of a foreign fleet as Alexandria when it was bombarded by Beresford and his gang of murderous marines some years ago.

With these weak points in our armour it would be the height of folly to continue living as we are in a fool's paradise, and imagining ourselves to be an impregnable people. We are by no means impregnable, and the sooner we recognize the fact, the better for all and for the sacred cause of the Union. THE CITIZEN has, since it first made its bow to the public, consistently and invariably warned the government of the grave danger that menaces a vast country like ours that had an unprotected coast and an almost useless navy to defend her against any possible foreign invasion. Our views on these points are at present more than confirmed by the frank and outspoken declaration of Gen. Nelson Miles. It now remains for the Washington authorities to do their duty by the state and constitution.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

The latest telegrams from London show clearly that the Home Rule idea is spreading in Scotland, and that the Scotch are as earnest about it as the Irish are. The synopsis of the sort of Home Rule required by the Scotch, as given in recent telegrams, is rather meager, and does not say exactly what sort of Home Rule is desired by them; but it certainly gives Scotland as much independence as Gladstone's proposed bill would give Ireland. Both forms of proposed Home Rule for Ireland and Scotland, would leave those countries as much under English domination as they are today. That the proposed bills might, and probably would, benefit Ireland and Scotland, can hardly be gainsaid. Scotland is now so thoroughly Anglicized that it is futile to think that the measure of Home Rule that would suit her, would suit Ireland. The only thing that could justify Ireland in accepting the sort of Home Rule proposed for her some years ago by Gladstone, would be the hope that in the long run a larger measure of of national independence might grow from it.

It cannot be denied that if the Scotch take up the question of Home Rule for their country in an earnest manner, they will certainly get it. Their action in seeking Home Rule for themselves will be of immense help to the Irish Home Rulers. Every Irish member of parliament should help the Scotch in every way in his power to attain for themselves something like what the Irish are looking for. The Irish members are certain to throw all their influence on the side of the Scotch, for by helping Scotland they are helping Ireland. If the Scotch succeeded in getting even the most shadowy kind of autonomy, the Irish will have stronger grounds to claim some benefit for themselves.

History seems to be repeating itself in this curious thing of the new Home Rule agitation in Scotland, as, for the first time in hundreds of years, the masses of Ireland and Scotland seem to be, in a sort of a way, united politically. Never since the time of Charley Stuart has there been the smallest political *rapprochement* between the two countries; and even at that time it was not very strong. If Ireland and Scotland now strive together for Home Rule for both countries, it will do a good deal to re-establish the friendly relations that existed between them from time immemorial down to the so-called Reformation. It was change of language first, and change of religion afterwards, that broke down the ancient friendship—it might be called oneness—that bound Eire and Alba together so long. Even in the time of Bruce, although the Saxon language had then displaced Gaelic almost all over the Lowlands of Scotland, the oneness of the Irish and Scotch became apparent by the entire unity the Irish provincial kings and chiefs displayed in accepting Bruce's brother, Edward, as their chief king. The defeat and death of Edward Bruce at Dundalk, and the consequent destruction of the hope of freeing Ireland from the yoke of England, is the gloomiest, most maddening, and most sickening episode in Irish history. The disaster was brought about neither by the Irish nor the Scotch; but it is best, perhaps, not to go into the matter any deeper, but simply to say, fagfamoid 6 mar ata 16. Anyhow, we wish success to the Scotch Home Rulers.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

A discussion is going on at present in the pages of the Paris *Figaro* in regard to the question as to whether Germany would or would not consent either to cede Alsace Lorraine back to France, or neutralize these provinces. Eminent Germans who were consulted on the matter by representatives of that journal, have, of course, as was to be expected, pronounced unequivocally against any change in the *status quo*. Germany will never give up the conquered provinces unless she is compelled to by the superior strength of France; and it has yet to be seen if the Gaul is at present more than a match for the Teuton.

The French side of the subject has been dealt with by M. Ernest Lavisse, professor of the University of Paris, who concludes that no matter how long a period of years may elapse, France will never abandon her determination to be prepared to retake possession of Alsace and Lorraine whenever an opportunity for doing so presents itself.

M. Lavisse may be said to represent on this point the feelings of the vast majority of his fellow countrymen. France is too proud a nation to confess or admit directly or indirectly that she has been finally and for all time worsted by Germany. Though disguised in various ways, and toned down to suit the exigencies of diplomacy, the spirit of revenge for the defeat of 1870 71 is as strong in the French breast today as it ever was. This feeling is strengthened by the recent introduction of a bill in the Reichstag relating to the proclamation of a state of siege in Alsace Lorraine in the event of war or of serious danger to the common weal. A report of these proceedings in the German parliament, says:

"Dr. Betri, a member for the annexed provinces, expressed himself strongly opposed to the measure, declaring that perfect tranquility prevailed in the Reichsland. Herr Bosse, secretary of state in the imperial department of justice, in reply, declared that the bill was not intended as a coercion law; is was merely to be of a provisional character and to be enforced under exceptional circumstances, its primary reason being the exposed position of Alsace Lorraine. The best opportunity of examining it in detail would, he thought, be afforded by a discussion in committee. There were momentous reasons to be urged in favor of the measure. Herr Von Vollmer, Social Democrat, spoke against the measure. The new law, besides being a source of fresh mortification to Alsatians, would once more awaken the aspirations of the French people."

That Alsace was originally a German province, and that Germany has a prescriptive right to its possession few impartial students of history will deny. Lorraine, however, has been French from time immemorial, and Germany holds it today merely by the right of conquest. It is a pity that these two rival nations cannot come to a definite understanding on this much vexed question.

LORD "OSTRICH" SALISBURY.

At this time of writing no definite reply has come from Lord Salisbury to President Harrison's demand for a statement of England's decision on the *modus vivendi* in regard to the Bering sea fisheries. Salisbury is acting in his well known characteristic fashion. Like the ostrich in a storm on a sandy desert, he hides his head, and fancies he will find himself all right when the war of the elements shall have blown over. He is evidently playing a waiting game till the Canadian poachers are out on the high seas, carrying on their destructive ravages among the seals. The depredations of these intruders have in fact already begun, and there is no knowing how or when they will end, unless our government take instant and immediate action.

THE CITIZEN is firmly convinced that President Harrison and his cabinet will never allow themselves to be bulldozed by the British premier. Should the latter refuse to renew the *modus vivendi* for another year, it will be incumbent on our administration to take measures at once to protect the seals from all Canadian and other poachers. As Senator Sherman wisely and patriotically put it "it is asking too much for us to allow irresponsible and unfriendly neighbors to destroy those seals—especially when we have the means to prevent any such destruction." Whatever risks may be run, the honor of our flag demands that an immediate stop be put to Salisbury's tactics in our regard. The ostrich must lift its head from the sand, or else submit itself to a humiliating stroke from the tip of Jonathan's top boot!

"THE QUEEN."

For some time past a few of the leading daily newspapers of this city as well as of the entire continent have been in the habit of referring to Madame Victoria Guelph as "the Queen." If her Brittanic majesty gets a spasm in her large royal toe, or if one of her imperial grinders gives her any ordinary ache, it is *the* queen, and not the queen of Great Britain and Ireland, who is referred to as the sufferer. Now, this degrading lickspittleism to the British crown and to the woman who wears that precious bauble, is intelligible enough when it is indulged in by flunky journalists who write under the shadow of the Union Jack, and who are usually more than fulsome in their sickening adulation of the fat little lady who happens to be their sovereign; but it is absolutely nauseating when it emanates from writers who are or profess to be loyal citizens of this great Republic.

THE CITIZEN has yet to be informed that there is only one queen in the Europe of today. If contemporary annalists do not lie, Italy has a queen in the person of Margherita. Spain and Holland are both provided with Queen Regents. King George, of Greece, has a wife who is officially queen of his little kingdom. King Leopold's spouse is queen of Belgium. The Prince of Wales' mother-in-law is queen of Denmark. There is still such an individual in existence as the queen of Norway and Sweden. These seven ladies are as much queens in their own way as is the royal hostess of Windsor in hers; and yet it is the latter whom our American journalists evidently regard as the sole queen of their cablegrams and paragraphs!

This toadyism to a foreign potentate reflects little credit on the guild of American journalism. It shows that there are on the press of this country a multitude of writers, who, professing to be the most patriotic of its sons, are British—and British only—to the very marrow of their antiquated bones. THE CITIZEN, under these circumstances, can come to no other conclusion than that such disgusting obsequiousness to Madame Guelph is treason to the Stars and Stripes and to the American Constitution!

THE British navy is in a very bad way. So says "Nauticus" in an important article contributed to the *Independance Belge*; and "Nauticus," if report speaks true, is none other than General Wolseley himself. The writer observes that Britain relatively to her vast interests should possess 40 per cent of the naval forces of the universe, but has really only 23 per cent of the total naval force represented by all the fleets of Europe. The encouraging news is added that the English navy is "terribly" inferior to the French in coast defense, ships, and torpedo vessels. Long may it continue so! The fleet that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" has evidently just now a cancer in its stomach.

THE German emperor's throne is not precisely a bed of roses. The ear-malady which he derived from the corrupt Guelph blood in his system, is getting worse, and is attended with excruciating pain. The effect of this disease on the brain will, it is said, be of a very serious character. It accounts so far for the eccentricity of his latter day speeches. The kaiser, it is added, has discontinued his subscription to London *Punch* on account of that journal's "distasteful allusions to his Majesty!" Poor Majesty! Uneasy indeed is the head that wears a crown now-a-days.

THE republican movement is making rapid progress throughout Italy. The seizure by the government of five Roman newspapers for reporting the proceedings of the late Roman Republican Congress will only add fuel to the anti-monarchical flame. It is becoming more and more evident that King Humbert must very soon take up his bed and walk. Monarchy is fast tottering to its fall in the old world.

DR. MCDONNELL, the newly elected bishop of Brooklyn, N.Y., is the youngest prelate in the Catholic church, the mitre having fallen into his grasp at the very early age of 38 The bishop is an Irishman in blood and race, and comes from a family of Dublin printers. His first cousin, Mr. P. McDonnell, is assistant foreman on the composing staff of *United Ireland* in that city.

THE CITIZEN is pleased to learn that Secretary Foster has unequivocally denied that he at any time or in any place applied the words 'flannel-mouthed" or "clam-mouthed" to Irishmen. Secretary Foster's explanation will be readily accepted, of course, by the race whom he was falsely accused of having libelled. Yet it cannot be forgotten that in his other remarks there was just a little too much condescending patronage of the Irish emigrant who lands in this country. The Irish immigrant does not require the condescension or patronage of even Mr. Foster. He has at least as much claim to come here and get along here as anybody else.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY parades took place last week throughout the chief towns and cities of the Union. Large numbers of Irish and Irish-Americans turned out on the occasion. Various bar quets and other demonstrations on the same day proved that the life blood is still "panting quick in the myriad veins of Erin."

TELL it not in Gath. Chicago is in for a rare artistic treat. The cablegram announces to all whom it may concern that the Royal family of England are about to exhibit their works of painting and sculpture at the World's Fair. Her Majesty, Victoria, of England, is sending a painting from her own brush. Princess Louise will submit a model in clay, fashioned by her own dainty fingers, while Princess Beatrice will be represented by various pieces of canvas, the products of her own artistic talent. The baker's dozen of Anglomaniacs in this city will probably go into ecstacies of loyal delight over this good news. The exhibits, even if they be the veriest daubs and fiascoes, are sure to be worshipped on beaded knees by these sycophantic flunkeys.

MR. MCCARTHY'S allegation that the English are Ireland's friends is too palpably absurd to call for anything like serious notice. Before such a consummation is effected, Frenchman and German will fall into each other's arms, and the lion will lie down with the lamb. Poor Justin is too credulous by long odds!

WHAT interest under heaven can Mr. Flynn or any other Irish member have in looking after the welfare of the surviving chargers of Balaclava? Have Ireland's representatives been sent to the British parliament to plead the cause of fellows who fight England's battles? If so, the sooner our "members" become thoroughgoing West Britishers, the better. Mr. Flynn posing in the double role of an Irish patriot and a champion of England's red coats, is verily making an egregious ass of himself. Ananias Flynn had better take a back seat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"RED HUGH, St. Louis.—The Count Dillon, to whom you refer, and who squandered almost his entire fortune in the Boulangist movement, was the great grandson of one of the Dillons of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Count Dillon was a sincere believer in the political wisdom of the policy of the late general.

"P. O'D.," City.—These attacks on the part of the Blue noses you write of are unworthy of any serious notice. They are the gall and wormwood of bilious and bigoted boobies. The Irish race in this country can afford to treat them with silent contempt.

"M. O'D.," Ansonia, Conn.—Your love verses do credit to the object of your affection; but being of a purely personal character, they are not suitable to our columns.

"CELT."—Yes, Chicago is the second, and will very shortly be the first city in the United States.

"P. CUDMORE," Faribault, Minn.—Unavoidably crowded out. Will appear next week.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

MONTANA IRISHMEN

Give John F. Finerty a Magnificent Reception at Anaconda on March 12.

His Lecture on "The Heroic in Irish History" Stirs the Souls of Those Warm-Hearted People of the Northwest.

Anaconda gave ex Congressman John F. Finerty a magnificent reception last night. The Wolfe Tone guards, accompanied by its newly organized fife and drum corps and a delegation of fifty of the most prominent business men of this region, escorted the distinguished gentleman from the Montana hotel to the opera house. On the stage were Senator Thornton, Marcus Daly, Alderman Shovlin, R. D. Walsh, of Butte, Judge Fitzgerald, T. R. E. Berry, Mr. Murphy, Shelley Tuttle, Colonel O'Leary, Joseph Peters, John R. Toole and other representative citizens. The Wolfe Tone guards saluted the orator of the evening as he entered upon the stage, which courtesy was gracefully acknowledged.

Senator Thornton introduced the speaker of the evening, saying that Americans as well as Irishmen had just cause to be proud of such noblemen as John F. Finerty. Orator, patriot, soldier, scout, statesman and journalist he has been weighed in almost every walk of life and never once has been found wanting. "He comes among us," said Senator Thornton, "crowned with the laurels of many a notable victory won in the cause both of his native and adopted country. We are glad to welcome such a man to our city; he honors us in his coming. Fellow citizens of Anaconda, I am grateful for the honor afforded me in being called upon to introduce this evening to this magnificent and representative audience, this eloquent and big hearted Irishman, Hon. John F. Finerty."

Senator Thornton's neat little introductory speech was greeted with hearty applause. Mr. Finerty, as he stepped forward, was given an ovation.

In the history of this city no more eloquent address was ever delivered here than that delivered by Mr. Finerty. A man of commanding appearance and deep, powerful voice, full of the noble fire and vigor of his honored race, and possessing unusual personal magnetism, at times pathetic, at others witty, always persuasive and deeply in earnest, he bends his audience to his will and holds them enthralled from first to last.

After paying an eloquent tribute to the energy, industry and hospitality of the people whom he has met in Anaconda and other Montana cities, he turned to his subject, "The Heroic in Irish History." In a charming manner he traced the causes which led up to Ireland's thralldom and eloquently recounted the cruelties practiced by Erin's conquerors from the days immediately succeeding St. Patrick to the present. For centuries Ireland had been enslaved not only politically, but intellectually. Over her green plains have hung dark clouds of oppression enforced by English laws. Not only in a material but in a literary sense has the free thought of Ireland been fettered and bound by chains forged by a government cold and cruel in every inspiration. Unable to justify her course in Ireland, England has sought to paint the Irish people as illiterate savages, incapable in all regards of self control or self government. In every corner of the world the children of Erin have given the lie to these assertions. In Australia and in Africa, in Canada and in California, in France and in far off India, in Montana and in every state of the Union and in every country on the face of the civilized globe the Irish people have prospered and demonstrated their fitness for official trust and their worth as citizens.

Mr. Finerty told over again, in words of passionate eloquence, the familiar story of Ireland's wrongs at the hands of King Richard II., the Henrys, Elizabeth, Mary, William and the rest of the Saxon rulers, whose reigns are only distinguished by a black list of cruelties and outrages practiced upon unhappy Erin. He told how Edward Bruce and his 30,000 picked Scotch soldiers fought and met death upon Irish soil fighting side by side with the Irish for Ireland's freedom. "The Irish," he exclaimed, "were on the glorious field of Bannockburn, and when the cry arose of 'Scotland forever,' the green flag of old Erin was found at the head of the column and many an Irish pike pierced an English coat of mail that day."

He told of the terrible famine which succeeded the splendid victories achieved by Bruce, and of the cruel and unequal battle in which the noble Scotchman fell among thousands of England's slain. The apathy which now held the nation for a century; the splendid achievements of the McMurroughs, the O'Connells, the O'Neills, the O'Tooles, the Geraldines, the Fitzgeralds and O'Connors; the rupture between King Henry VIII and the Pope, and of Henry's efforts to make himself head of the church as he was ruler of England; how in the end by force of numbers Ireland was again devastated and laid waste; how Elizabeth sought to stamp out the national life of Ireland by sweeping the island with fire and sword; how Bloody Mary and cold, cruel, calculating Cromwell and murderous Mountjoy sought to crush the splendid national spirit of Erin, and in their brutal work left nothing for England to rule over but carcasses and ashes. All this was told in language that was often interrupted by bursts of enthusiastic applause by his enraptured audience. "In all these years," said the orator, "thank God, Ireland has never failed to keep up the inspiring but unequal fight for her faith and her freedom. She has never bowed her crest to the Saxon oppressor."

Mr. Finerty continued the story of the trials, triumphs and tragedies which Ireland experienced in the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and in burning words, recalled the days when education in Ireland was made a penal offense; when the same price was placed upon the head of the wolf, the priest and the schoolmaster.

"Tomorrow when you go to your comfortable churches and beautiful cathedrals," said he, "and as you sit in cushioned pews think of your ancestors, who, a little over 100 years ago, worshipped their God in ocean caves and on the bleak hillsides of their oppressed country. Think of those saintly patriots as they crouched by hedges and in the green dells of Ireland, hunted like wild beasts of prey because they would not renounce their faith or sell their country. And remember that in spite of the most brutal penal laws ever enacted; in the face of these things Ireland's national spirit was never broken, her reverence and love for her faith was never lessened. Recall these things, my friends, tomorrow, and thank God that no weight has ever been heavy enough to crush our beloved native land."

Mr. Finerty concluded his masterly address by eloquent references to Wolfe Tone, Emmet, O'Connell and other Irish patriots of the last 100 years. "The sons of Ireland," he said, "have fought upon almost every battle field of freedom. Many a noble Irishman has lost his life in proudly fighting to set above the red flag of England the green colors of old Erin. Many an Irish hand has driven the steel into the breast of the redcoats for Ireland's sake. In this beloved land of the stars and stripes from Bunker Hill to Appomattox, the Irish soldier has fought the fight of freedom. When the picture of the civil war is painted it will show not only the brave Meagher, and many another dashing Irish general, but it will reveal the victor of the American Merango, a brave son of county Cavan parents, seated upon a foaming, fiery black charger, waving a flaming sword in his determined grasp as he turns back once more to Winchester and victory the fleeing federal forces, fighting Phil Sheridan. (Great applause.)

"We have no reason to be ashamed of our native land. The fight is not over yet. If we are weak in Ireland we are strong here. Ireland is down, but not extinguished. The god of justice looks down upon her, and by the aid of her loyal sons she will be once more placed upon the proud pedestal of national freedom."

Three hearty cheers were given for Mr. Finerty at the close of his address.—*The Anaconda (Mont.) Standard, March 13.*

IRISH NEWS.

The Cork College Athletic Club will this year hold their annual sports under the rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association.

The Dublin *Gaelic Journal* is now under the editorial management of the Rev. Hugh O'Growney, professor of Celtic at Maynooth College. The subscription price is 2s 6d per annum.

The number of actual evictions from agricultural holding in Ireland in the year 1891 which came to the knowledge of the constabulary amounted to 874. Of this number 631 took place under the provisions of the Land act of 1887, and 168 were under other processes of law at the suit of the landlord. The remaining 75 were cases of eviction for debt, foreclosure of mortgage, etc., not at the suit of the landlord. The number of agricultural tenants in Ireland converted into caretakers in the year 1891 by service of ejectment notice under section 7 of the Land act of 1887 amounted to 4,906.

Mr. John Heenebery, of Buckstown, Mullinavat, a true and tried veteran in the cause of Irish nationality, died about a fortnight ago.

The workingmen of Cork feel highly gratified at the splendid reception accorded their fellow-townsman, Mr. R. S. McNamara, by the stonecutters of Dublin. Mr. McNamara has done excellent work, not alone in the national cause, but also in furthering the interests generally of the working community at large.

The population of the county Kerry is 179,136 (91,617 males and 88,119 females), which is 10 per cent less than ten years ago, when the total population was 201,039. In 1881 35.1 per cent of the inhabitants aged five years and upwards were illiterate, and in 1891 but 24.6 per cent were illiterate. The number of births registered in the county during the ten years was 46,595. The deaths during the same period numbered 26,971. The number of emigrants from the county during the ten years ending March 31, 1891, amounted to 50,855 (25,222 males and 25,633 females); the number for the decade ending March 31, 1881, was 27,036, for that ending March 31, 1871, 40,480, and for that ending with March, 1861, 54,672, making a total of 173,043 for the forty years.

There was considerable excitement in the village of Armoy on Feb. 7, when the news spread that a bride and bridegroom had been fired at on emerging from Magherahoney Catholic Church after being married. From information to hand it appears that a young man named McGrath, residing in the townland of Ballyknock, and a lady named McIlroy, whose father resides in the townland of Magherahoney, were married about 1 o'clock on the 6th ult. in the above named church by the Rev. D. Burke, P.P., Loughiel. After the marriage ceremony had been performed the party were leaving the church. On gaining the outside shots were fired at them, one of which grazed the bridegroom's head, while another struck the bride on the head causing a wound from which blood flowed profusely.

The number of inhabitants in the county and city of Cork was, in 1841, 854,118; in 1851 649,308; in 1861, 544,818; in 1871, 517,076; in 1881, 495,607; and according to the recent census, 438,433 (219,963 males and 218,444 females), or 11.5 per cent less than in 1881. The number of distinct families in the county and city at the time of the late enumeration was 80,530, the average number of persons in a family being thus 5.3; and the number of inhabited houses was 73,429, showing an average of 5.6 persons to each house. In 1881, 28.8 per cent of the inhabitants aged 5 years and upwards were illiterate, and in 1891 the percentage was but 20.0. The number of births registered in the county and city during the ten years was 108,000, and the deaths numbered 83,852. The number of emigrants from the county and city during the ten years ending March 31, 1891, amounted to 83,533 (44,446 males and 39,087 females); the number for the decade ending March 31, 1881, was 74,209, for that ending March 31, 1871, 118,669, and for that ending with March, 1861, 148,009; making a total of 424,420 for the forty years.

THE SUICIDE BANKER.

Remarkable Career of That Marvel Among Swindlers and Traitors, John Sadleir, Bill Keogh's Notorious Partner in Crime.

What Came of It All at Last—One of the Most Sickening Tragedies in History.

BY A. M. SULLIVAN.

[*Concluded from Last Week.*]

In the second week of February, 1856 some one of Sadleir's numerous desperate financial expedients happened to miscarry for a day, and the drafts of the Tipperary Bank were dishonored at Glyn's. The news came with a stunning shock on most people; but quickly, next day, an announcement was issued that it was all a mistake—the drafts presented anew had been duly met, and the mischance would not again befall. The alarm, however, had reached Ireland, and at several of the branches something akin to a run took place. If only a panic could be averted, and twenty or thirty thousand pounds obtained, all might be saved. So, at least, declared Mr. James Sadleir, M. P., who was in charge of affairs in Ireland, telegraphing to John on the morning of Saturday, Feb. 16. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds. Once it was a bagatelle in his estimation; but now! He had lain on no bed the night before. All haggard and excited this message found him. James little knew all when he thus lightly spoke of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, by way of reassuring his hapless brother. The wretched man strove in vain to devise some yet unexhausted means of raising this money. He had already gone so far, so perilously far, that there was no possible quarter in which earnest application might not lead to suspicions that would invoke discovery! He drove into the city.

Mr. Wilkinson, of Nicholas Lane, telling the sad affair subsequently, says, "He came to me on the morning of Saturday, and suggested that I could raise some money with the view of assisting the Tipperary Bank. He showed me some telegraphic messages he had received from Ireland on the subject of their wants. He had several schemes by which he thought I could assist him in raising money; but after going into them I told him I could not help him, the schemes being such as I could not recommend or adopt. He then became very excited, put his hand to his head, and said, 'Good God! if the Tipperary Bank should fail the fault will be entirely mine, and I shall have been the ruin of hundreds of thousands.' He walked about the office in a very excited state, and urged me to try and help him, because, he said, he could not live to see the pain and ruin inflicted on others by the cessation of the bank. The interview ended in this, that I was unable to assist him in his plans to raise money."

In this case, what he feared in so many others exactly occurred. Mr. Wilkinson had previously advanced him large sums, for which, to be sure, Mr. Sadleir, on request, had given security—one of those numerous title-deeds which he had fabricated during the past year. Mr. Wilkinson that same Saturday night dispatched his partner, Mr. Stevens, to Dublin, to look after the matter. On Monday this gentleman found that the deed was a forgery. But by that time a still more dreadful tale was known to all the world.

There is reason to think John Sadleir knew of Mr. Stevens' start for Dublin before 10 o'clock that evening. His intimate friend, Mr. Norris, solicitor, of Bedford Row, called on him about half-past 10, and remained half an hour. The fact was discussed between them that the Tipperary Bank must stop payment on Monday morning.

John Sadleir sat him down, all alone, in that study, and callous must be the heart that can contemplate him in that hour and not compassionate his agony. All was over; he must die. He was yet, indeed, in the prime and vigor of manhood. "Considerably above the middle height," says one who knew him well, "his figure was youthful, but his face—that was indeed remarkable. Strongly marked, sallow, eyes and hair intensely black, and the lines of the mouth worn into deep channels." The busy schemes, the lofty ambitions, the daring speculations, were ended now. The poorest cottier on a Tipperary hillside might look the morrow in the face and cling to life; but for him, the envied man of thousands, the morning sun must rise in vain. He seized a pen, and devoted half an hour to letter-writing. Oh, that woeful correspondence of the despairing soul with those whom it loves, and is to lose forever! Then he took a small silver tankard from the sideboard and put it in his breast pocket, beside a small phial which he had purchased early in that fatal day. As he passed through the hall and took his hat from the stand, he told the butler not to wait up for him. He went out and closed the door behind him with a firm hand. The clocks were striking 12; 'twas Sunday morning; God's holy day had come. Ah, far away on the Suir side were an aged father and mother, with whom a child he often trod the path to early mass, when Sunday bells were music to his ear! And now!—oh, fatal lure of wealth! oh, damned, mocking fiend!—to this, to this it had come at last! He dare not think of God, or friend, or home.

Next morning, on a little mound on Hampstead Heath, the passer-by noticed a gentleman stretched as if in sleep. A silver tankard had fallen from his hand and lay upon the ground. It smelt strongly of prussic acid. A crowd soon gathered; the police arrived; they lifted up the body, all stiff and stark. It was the corpse of John Sadleir, the banker.

On Monday the news flashed through the kingdom. There was alarm in London; there was wild panic in Ireland. The Tipperary bank closed its doors; the country people flocked into the towns. They surrounded and attacked the branches; the poor victims imagined their money must be within, and they got crowbars, picks, and spades to force the walls and "dig it out." The scenes of mad despair which the streets of Thurles and Tipperary saw that day would melt a heart of adamant. Old men went about like maniacs, confused and hysterical; widows knelt in the street and, aloud, asked God was it true that they were beggared forever. Even the poor law unions, which had kept their accounts in the bank, lost all, and had not a shilling to buy the paupers' dinner the day the branch doors closed.

The letters which the unhappy suicide penned that Saturday night reveal much of the terrible story so long hidden from the world. The following was addressed to his cousin, Robert Keatinge:

No. 11 GLO'STER TERRACE, Feb. 16, 1856.—*Dear Robert:* To what infamy have I come step by step—heaping crime upon crime—and now I find myself the author of numberless crimes of a diabolical character and the cause of ruin and misery and disgrace to thousands—ay, to tens of thousands. Oh, how I feel for those on whom all this ruin must fall! I could bear all punishment but I could never bear to witness the sufferings of those on whom I have brought such ruin. It must be better that I should not live. No one has been privy to my crimes—they sprung from my own cursed brain alone I have swindled and deceived without the knowledge of any one. Stevens and Norris are both innocent and have no knowledge of the fabrication of deeds and forgeries by me and which I have sought to go on in the horrid hope of retrieving. It was a sad day for all when I came to London. I can give but little aid to unravel accounts and transactions. There are serious questions as to my interest in the Grand Junction and other undertakings. Much will be lost to the creditors if these cases are not fairly treated. The Grand Junction, the East Kent, and the Swiss Railways, the Rome line, the Coal Co. are all liable to be entirely lost now—so far as my assets are concerned. I authorise you to take possession of all my letters, papers, property, etc., etc., in this house and at Wilkinsons and No. 18 Cannon street. Return my brother his letters to me and all other papers. The prayers of one so wicked could not avail or I would seek to pray for those I leave after me and who will have to suffer such agony and all owing to my criminal acts. Oh that I never quitted Ireland! Oh that I had resisted the first attempts to launch me into speculations. If I had had less talents of a worthless kind and more firmness I might have remained as I once was honest and truthful—and I would have lived to see my dear father and mother in their old age. I weep and weep now, but what can that avail!

J. SADLEIR.

"Robert Keatinge, Esq., M. P., Shamroque Lodge, Clapham."

Banks, railways, assurance associations, land companies, every undertaking with which he had been connected, were flung into dismay, and for months fresh revelations of fraud, forgery, and robbery came daily and hourly to view. By the month of April the total of such discoveries had reached one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

While the three kingdoms were ringing with this frightful story, and the career of the Sadleir party was being recalled and narrated like some tale of a band of mediæval banditti, a piece of news almost as astounding burst on us all. Mr. Keogh was elevated to the bench, clothed with the ermine, as puisne judge of the Common Pleas! More than twenty years have passed away, and those feelings still rankle in the Irish breast. Irishmen could sooner forgive a defeat in the field; they could sooner forget the wounds of a penal code. In the days that were now close at hand, the agents of revolutionary conspiracy found no more irresistible argument in pushing their terrible propaganda among the people than a reference to this transaction, and to the story of "Sadleir's Brigade."

EMMET'S DAY IN COLORADO.

[*To the Editor.*]

ROCKVALE, Colo., March 13.—Our cosmopolitan people have once again voiced their sentiments upon Irish patriotism and its usual reward—martyrdom. The occasion this time was the celebration, by a concert, oration and a grand ball, of the birthday of the bright and youthful patriot martyr, Robert Emmet. The credit for arranging this affair is justly due to the Irish Benevolent Association of this place, and with equal justice can it be said that the splendid success of the occasion is attributable to the cosmopolitan spirit pervading our social and moral atmosphere, all Europe being here represented No worthier subject for commemorative honors need be thought of than our hero of the 4th of March. His brief life is a gem that can be worn in the heart with native pride by every patriot in every clime. And, coupled with his untimely and tragic death, inspires thoughts that tend inevitably in the direction of stimulating desire for information as to the real cause or causes which, generation after generation, furnish instances of foul and fatal cruelties that shock the sensibilities of the race. This resultant desire is the legitimate parent of that universal inquiry which is so remarkable a feature of the last twenty years or so, and which has resulted in such world wide education and the practical amalgamation of the nationalities of earth into one common family when the discussion o "Ireland's grievances" is the programme.

Our celebration of Emmet's birthday at this little town was in line with the spirit of the age. We combined amusement with instruction and had a successful entertainment. As usual we had a goodly variety of nationalities represented on the list of workers; a Welshman presiding, an American, Miss Cora Davis, doing herself much credit by her splendid recitation of "Sheridan's Ride"; an Irishman and a Scotch lady entertaining the house with sentimental songs, the former, Mr. J. Potts, doing justice to "The Widow Machree" and "Cruiskeen Lawn," and the latter, Mrs. Patterson, charming the audience with "Emmet's Farewell" and "The Little Old Mud Cabin on the Hill"; and last but not least, an Irish orator, Mr. Charles B. Egan—all home talent. Mr. Egan's oration deserves special mention. It was eloquent, strong and effective, replete with points of valuable instruction, and pathetic in its appeals for justice and patient examination of Ireland's claims. His delineation of the wrongs and consequent sufferings of his countrymen, all the creations of alien misgovernment was just and full of manly indignation, his tracing of the evils to the bottom fact of land monopoly, and his discussion of the rights of the Irish people to the soil of their native land was masterly, and his peroration, asking of the world for Ireland the right to govern herself, to rule her own destiny, and "she will bless the world with peace, prosperity and contentment," was beatiful and eloquent. There are good reasons for such appeals. The world for generations has been studiously and carefully taught (I speak from personal experience) that the Irish people have neither desire nor capacity for the enjoyment of peace and contentment upon any terms; that their normal state is that of rebellious misanthropy, etc., etc., and all this because their alien misrulers had neither desire nor capacity to conceive of such a possibility as that a just and equitable peace for Ireland could be other than detrimental to their own interest. Let the light shine upon these things and misrule will cease.

J. D. PHILLIPS.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A GRAVE IN ERIN.

Here granma, here are shamrocks,
Let me clasp them on your breast.
They came from holy Ireland,
The land we love the best;
They're fresh and green and lovely,
Plucked by an Irish hand,
And their little tiny petals
Were by Irish breezes fanned.
"They came from far off Ireland,
Och mavourneen! is it true?
Acushla let me feel them—
And you say 'twas there they grew?

"Ah! mavourneen, Erin's lovely
When the sunbeams kiss her rills,
And the morning mists are rising
From her valleys and her hills;
Or when evening dons her mantle
And the daylight dies away,
When the moon her pale light shimmers
O'er her towers old and gray.

"And the fairest spot in Erin
Is my own dear 'dark Tyrone'—
There the shamrocks bloom the greenest,
And the roses first are blown.
Through the mists of years I see it,
And my tears begin to flow,—
There I spent my happy girlhood
Round the Old Cross of Ardboe.

"There my fathers' bones are resting
In the consecrated mould,
And the shamrocks green wave o'er them—
O'er their tombstones gray and old.
Through the grave-yard trees at twilight
Bats and hoot-owls weirdly cry,
And Lough Neagh's dark waters sadly
For the dead a requiem sigh.

"Ah, mavourneen, with God's blessing
To our father's land we'll go.
For I wish a grave in Erin
'Neath the old cross of Ardboe,
Where the lark is singing gaily
In the azure morning sky,
Where the linnets' sweetly piping;
I will shortly go to die.

"And mavourneen, you'll be happy
In that home you'll call your own.
There your friends will gather round you
In the valleys of Tyrone,
And, my darling, when I leave you,
When my weary heart finds rest,
In Ardboe you'll leave me sleeping
With the shamrocks o'er my breast."

P. S.

CHICAGO, St. Patrick's Day, 1892.

Leo XIII. and the Fair.

Thomas B. Bryan, special commissioner to Italy for the World's Fair, has received the following letter from his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII:

GREETINGS: While we see on all sides the preparations that are eagerly being made for the celebration of the Columbus centenary, feasts in memory of a man most illustrious and deserving of christianity and all cultured humanity, we hear with the greatest pleasure that the United States have, among other nations, entered this competition of praise in such a manner as befits both the vastness and richness of the country and the memory of the man so great as he to whom these honors are being shown

Nothing, certainly, could be more splendid than what is told us of the grand and magnificent exposition which the nation will hold at Chicago, bringing together every kind of produce and work which fruitful nature bears and the artful industry of man creates. The success of this effort will surely be another proof of the great spirit and active energy of the people who undertake enormous and difficult tasks with such great and happy daring

We rejoice, moreover, in the nobility of the purpose, which is equal in greatness to the undertaking itself. It is a testimony of honor and gratitude to that immortal man of whom we have spoken, who, desirous of finding a road by which the light and truth and all the adornments of civil culture might be carried to the most distant parts of the world, could neither be deterred by dangers nor wearied by labors until having in a certain manner renewed the bond between two parts of the human race, so long separated, he bestowed upon both such benefits that he in justice may be said to have few equals or a superior.

While, therefore, we bestow on the citizens of the great republic well merited praise, we express the fervent hope that their noble undertaking may, other nations uniting with them and leading aid, have a most prosperous issue that will prove of great use in stimulating the ingenuity of man in promoting the development of nature and in encouraging all the fine arts.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, in the year 1892, and the fifteenth year of our pontificate.

LEO XIII.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

HONORING ST. PATRICK.

In St. Louis.

The Irishmen of St. Louis marched in procession through the streets of the city with all the enthusiasm and vigor which the festival of Ireland's patron saint arouses among his votaries in every land. The old veterans, the Knights of St. Patrick, the members of the Total Abstinence Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Shamrock Benevolent Society, the United Sons of Ireland—these were present in full force as ever, as happy in their celebration as if they were spirited youths of 16 instead of 60. The military companies, with full dress; the bands, with their martial music; the mounted marshals with their green sashes; the array of bright carriages, the number of pedestrians, and the force of mounted police, gave to the celebration a sprightliness and picturesqueness which only lacked a genial day to make it perfect. Altogether it was a great day for Ireland in St. Louis. All along the line of march crowds assembled at every point of vantage to view the parade and give its members the encouragement of a cheer. At Uhrig's Cave the ladies of the Fanny Parnell branch of the Irish National League presented Grand Marshal O'Connor with a floral tribute, for which he expressed his thanks in grateful terms.

The members of the Knighthood of St. Patrick thronged the spacious dining-room of the Lindell Hotel at the twenty-sixth annual banquet held in the evening. David W. Caruth presided. Next to him sat the Rev. Father Foley, of the Church of the Holy Angels, and on either side were the officers of the Knighthood. Letters and telegrams were read from the most distant parts and from all classes of men expressive of their regrets at being unable to attend. The various toasts, all showing a combination of the American and Irish spirit, were spoken to by the following gentlemen: Hon. O'Neill Ryan, Hon M. E Berton, and Hon. Henry W. Bond.

In Minneapolis.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated mostly by evening entertainments in Minneapolis, Minn. There was an entertainment in the Lyceum Theatre at which Mayor Winston presided, and Division No. 1 A.O.H., attended in full uniform. Those who took part in the programme were: Rev. Father Byrne, J. Lewis Browne, Dr. Strachauer, Heinrich Hoevel, Andrew McCormick, president of the University Students' Law Association; P. H. Mullen, Miss Louise Wall, Frank M. Nye, Mrs. J. Lewis Browne, Miss Susie McKay, G. W. Ferguson, Miss Belle Hamilton, Cyrus W. Northrup, president of the State University.

Dr. Francis Dillon Egan lectured at the new Holy Rosary Hall in South Minneapolis on the "Destiny of the Irish Race." An entertainment was also given in connection with the lecture.

In North Minneapolis an entertainment was given at Turner Hall, at which the Rev. Father Christie delivered an address, and an excellent musical and literary programme was rendered.

In Cincinnati.

St. Patrick's Day was appropriately celebrated. The cold, snowy weather could not chill the warm hearts of Ireland's sons, nor keep them from observing the time-honored occasion. There was a handsome parade in the morning, followed by services at church. In the evening the several balls attracted large throngs of pleasure seekers.

The banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at the Grand Hotel, was equal, if not superior, to the many notable annual reunions of this famous organization. A few of the beloved comrades were absent, having gone to join the majority in the other land, but many of the best known friends of Ireland and most active participants in the celebration of the birthday of Erin's patron saint were on hand as usual and helped to swell the tide of pleasure and rejoicing. The occasion was a truly delightful one. The large dining hall was decorated with great elaborateness and in the best taste. American and Irish flags were conspicuous along the walls, and on each window sill were two pots of green plants.

The grand march to the dining room was led by John J. Noonan, who was untiring in his efforts to make the banquet a success. The long tables at which the feast was spread were beautifully adorned with roses and sprays of smilax, while an immense floral harp was placed just in front of Mr. A. J. Conroy, the president of the Friendly Sons. The dinner was a sumptuous and elegant one. The sentiments were of the same high order characteristic of such occasions. The Irish gift of oratory was magnificently exemplified in the way the regular and impromptu toasts were responded to. President Conroy opened the display of oratory by giving a brief history of the organization of the order, with its subjects. He said that the three leaves of the shamrock represented the motto of the Friendly Sons, "Liberty, Humanity and Sociability." In conclusion he bade all the guests and brethren a hearty welcome. That popular Irishman and public official, Dr. T. W. Graydon, was received with applause. He talked about "The Day We Celebrate," and paid a glowing tribute to the sons of Ireland. Hon. J. P. Carbery responded to the toast, "Ireland's Contribution to England's Greatness." Rev. E. A. Ince, the well known Presbyterian divine, was exceptionally happy in his theme, "Irish Music and Poetry," and his beautiful sentiments and lofty tribute to the product of the Emerald Isle in that regard was applauded to the echo. Judge Moses P. Wilson kept the guests in a continual roar by his recital of Irish stories in response to the toast, "Irish Wit and Humor." Ex-Lieutenant Governor James W. Bryan made a most decided hit in the way he handled the subject, "The Irish in America." "The United States," the last regular toast found a worthy exponent in Hon. A. B. Champion. He gave instances of the Irish characteristics, and declared that they were always good citizens, and that the safety of the United States could at all times be depended upon when in their hands.

One of the most beautiful and impressive features of the banquet was the invocation of Rev. John M. Mackey, the noted Irish priest, who asked the blessing of God upon Ireland and America, her friend and protector.

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, although Irish in name, is the most cosmopolitan organization in America, including, as it does in its membership, men of all creeds and conditions in life.

It was a significant fact and illustrated the broad character of the organization that a Presbyterian minister, Rev. E A. Ince, an Episcopalian clergyman, Rev. Dudley W. Rhodes, and a Catholic priest, Rev. John M. Mackey, all united at the festal board to do honor to St. Patrick and his good works.

The banquet given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians at the Dennison Hotel, was a success in every sense that the word conveys. The committee of arrangements, composed of the following members, deserves the highest praise for the manner in which they handled the very enjoyable affair: Messrs. James J. Grogan, Edward Dowling, E. M. O'Doud, John Deasy and Edward Sweeney.

Other Celebrations.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., March 18—St. Patrecks Day was celebrated last evening by a banquet, and 700 persons participated. Gov. E. B. Winans was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "Michigan." Speeches were made by the mayor of Ann Arbor and by several Catholic clergymen from Detroit.

DIXON, Ill., March 17—The Catholic Order of Foresters celebrated the day with a grand street parade with Henderson's band in the lead. They gathered at the Catholic church, where the Rev. Father Tracy gave an elequent address, and in speaking of the banners said the flag of their adopted country headed the procession, and if they stood up for that they could not prove false to the green and gold of the Foresters.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 17—Citizens of all denominations vied with each other in the matter of decorations today, and Catholics and Protestants marched in the procession, which consisted of the A. O. H., the K. of L., Catholic unions, Volunteer Firemen, Board of Education, City Fire Department, etc.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., March 17—The day of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated by a parade of divisions of the A. O. H. from Bement, Ivesdale, Danville, Arcola, and other points, in which city officials and the fire department joined.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 18—The St. Patrick's day Eisteddfod, held under the auspices of the Cambro-American Society, brought great crowds from Newark, Pittsburg, and other cities. Five thousand singers, led by an immense orchestra, sang national anthems.

ROME, March 17—Prior Glynn, of the Irish National Church in Rome, was given a special audience yesterday by the Pope, and presented to him a number of shamrocks that had been sent from Ireland. They were inclosed in a coffer of crystal bearing the papal arms. The pope expressed his gratification for the gift and promised to wear a sprig of the shamrock on his heart today.

LONDON, March 17—The Parnellites observed the feast of their patron saint with a banquet, at which John Redmond presided. The toast to the memory of Mr. Parnell was drunk in deep silence, all the guests arising from their seats when the name of the loved leader was pronounced.

Justin McCarthy presided at a banquet given in celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

A mission will be opened at the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, No. 1436 Wellington street, Lake View, on Sunday, April 3, at the 10:30 mass, by the Rev Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, the eloquent and learned divines of the Society of Jesus, St. Louis.

At 10:30 a. m. on St. Patrick's Day high mass was celebrated at St Patrick's church, but there was not room for the people who desired to attend, fully 500 being turned away. There was an orchestra present and a full attendance of the clergy. The officers of the mass besides Archbishop Feehan were: Celebrant of the mass, Father P A. Agnew; deacon of the mass, Father John Carroll; subdeacon of the mass, Father T. A. Kearns; deacons of honor, Fathers T. Egan and Edward Smith; archdeacon of the mass, Father Hugh McGuire; vicar-general, Father Dowling; preacher of the day, Father Hennely, C. M. There were also present Fathers Koekange, Chambers, Quinn and Hemlock. All of these remained at the rectory and reviewed the parade as it passed on Adams street.

The large congregation present at the 9 o'clock mass at Nativity church, corner of Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, on St. Patrick's Day, were treated to one of the most scholarly, interesting and eloquent sermons perhaps ever delivered on the noble life and glorious career of Ireland's beloved christianizer—St. Patrick Shortly before 9 o'clock Divisions 17, 19 and 35, A.O.H., numbering about 500 men, together with a company of the Hibernian Rifles, headed by the Finerty Fife and Drum Band, marched to the church to attend the solemn high mass specially arranged in honor of the occasion by the genial and beloved pastor, Father Cartan, and his able and energetic assistants, Fathers Sullivan, Slyward and McCormick. When the officers of the Irish-American Council sent out their circular calling upon all Catholic pastors to assist in making the parade a grand success none accepted more willingly than these estimable priests, whose commendable zeal in this matter was amply rewarded by the presence in the procession of a large and respectable delegation from Nativity parish. It is indeed gratifying to an Irish American congregation like that of Nativity parish to be blessed with priests whose patriotism and fidelity to the ennobling principles of Irish nationality go hand in hand with their fond desire to perpetuate and glorify the sublime and beatific doctrines of the Catholic church. That such is the case in Nativity parish no one can deny who heard, on St. Patrick's Day, that brilliant orator, that eminent theologian, that noble and patriotic priest, Father Sullivan. How pleased and delighted that vast audience must have felt as it heard told in glowing periods of the greatness and superiority of the Irish race when its teachers went forth to all nations to instruct and enlighten mankind. When the sermon was finished every Irishman, who was fortunate enough to hear it, was prouder than ever before of his country and his creed.

LARGEST BEER BREWERY IN THE WORLD

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PABST—Milwaukee.....790,290 bbls

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At the February meeting of the Ballinasloe District Agricultural Society Mr. Duffy offered a resolution to the effect that part of the 165 workhouses in Ireland be turned into factories.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

AT THE GOAL.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

What shall it be, or gain or loss?—
The signboard, gleaming at the goal,
Bespeaks for every human soul
A coronet or cross.

Say, shall it be the honeyed balm
Gleaned from the meads of Araby?
A cup of gall, or shall it be
A cypress or a palm?

We know not till we reach the crest
That skirts the world beyond the grave;
We know 'twere wisdom to be brave,
And hope for what is best.

We may not shed unheeded tears,
For down time's ever-changing aisle
The laugh and sigh, the frown and smile
Will vanish with the years!

Our lot shall be a heavenly sun,
Or starless gloom, a cup of balm,
A draught of poison, or a palm,
When all is said and done!

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

The Gaelic Class.

Last Sunday the Gaelic Class was fully organized for business. Mr. William Raleigh, of No. 739 Canal street, was elected president, and Mr. M. O'Callagher, No. 560 Wilson street, vice president. All who speak the Celtic tongue—Scotch, Welsh, Manx and Irish—are cordially invited; and it is hoped their love of literature will impel them to meet in Judge Scales' court room, third floor of Court-house Building, via Public Library elevator, to unite in preserving the language of the bards and athletes of ancient times, so as to speak it to each other instead of the tongue of their oppressors. Seventeen new members were enrolled, and books enough for as many more will be on hand next Sunday. "Clann na n'Gaodhal guailain le Guailain." As Mr. Russell will be in the city there should be such a gathering at the class as will bring smiles of gladness to his dear good eyes, and set the pulsations of his Celtic heart in pleasing motion. Instruction and ball-room free.

M. CREAN, Sec'y.

It is not the extremes of heat and cold so much as the sudden changes in temperature that cause certain climates to be unhealthful. When, however, the system is invigorated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, these changes are rarely attended with injurious results.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
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CHICAGO, ILL.

THE MORNING HILLS.

He sits among the morning hills,
His face is bright and strong;
He scans far heights, but scarcely notes
The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life
While battle's trumpet calls;
He sees a crown for him who wins,
A tear for him who falls.

The flowery glens and shady slopes
Are hateful to his eyes;
Beyond the heights, beyond the storms,
The land of promise lies.

* * * * * *

He is so old and sits so still,
With face so weak and mild,
We know that he remembers naught
Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,
Life's highest peak is past;
The laurel crown, the triumph arch,
Are worthless at the last.

The frost of age destroys the bay,
The loud applause of men
Falls feebly on the palsied ears
Of threescore years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears
His name around the world;
He has no thought of great deeds done
Where battle tempests whirled;

But evermore he is looking back,
Whilst memory fills and thrills
With echoes of the herdsman's song
Among the morning hills.

—Maurice Thompson.

THE DOOMED SKATER.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow; I acknowledged his supremacy and rejoiced in his bold, free spirit. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor. Jack fought one-half his acquaintances into loving him, which the rest did of their free will, and my heart still warms involuntarily toward the wild, impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of this new country in which we were forced to settle, fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent and the loved circle at home, and how could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the bluff, and no river could equal the brown, melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of the settler all at once; we determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog, if, indeed, there was any of that ambrosial draft to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river; and in truth there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day we fished and we shot from our frail skiffs, and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scugog. Among them were some half breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had sunk from the dignity of forest life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficient. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe life of our river home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries he hired a hangdog, looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe.

I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half breed. All these dregs of Indian nobilty are sallow, blear eyed creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about this new servitor; he was a match for a half a dozen, twenty fellows like Olier, he said; and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about him.

It was getting late in the fall; the Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had restored to us in evanescent beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home landscapes in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A canoe shot around the bend of the river below the village; it was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier; but no half breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle and marched up to me.

"How now, Jack? What have you done with your charming companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "How should I be acquainted with all the ins and outs of that Rosamond's bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arms as would have made a few thousands of the bower in question.

"Oh, I perceive. He's gone tracking deer or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned. I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you; I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier—you were. He's a good for nothing fellow, and coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me when I wanted to go down the river a bit farther than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle and set him ashore."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed with horror; "don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily and marching homeward, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, don't you bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow bones tomorrow—see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

Tomorrow came, unfruitful with the half breed's submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his tay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scugog whitens into rapids, and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and at my urgent request I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank and return the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in a large flat bottomed boat, termed in Canadian parlance a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe; and as we were already crowded for room we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over twenty miles' sail remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and save the wild game no one ever tried to force a way through their close knit ranks, woofed at the base by a tangle of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song; all was still, save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap!—it was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty and were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker.

I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay refrains of sunny France. I asked them a stave, but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well; it was a favorite voyageur's ditty, sung to the dash of the oar.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of the ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a breakloose, and stood by to strike a boathook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us, and came, like the note of the ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our scow. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow, and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter, another cried out the awful tale of blood, "Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Olier, as sure's there's death in a rifle bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head! I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance?—nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice. The criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution, in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend for but small aid on the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech, but others again imputed little crime to the blood stained redskin, and even went so far as to justify his sneaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough, he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thicket, but to the end I knew that no covert under heaven would preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white and cold. The river Scugog was a level road of ice; the trees were choked up with snow and on each side of the ice-bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign when I heard whisperings that the villain half breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night, to visit his friends and obtain various articles for his camp.

I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam or, at all events, to surprise him; his wood craft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul, and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the least importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night; the white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within fifty yards, but I would not risk the chance, and, besides, my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol.

No sooner was he past my hiding place than, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier swerved a moment to see who his pursuer was, then quick as lightning tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in each hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned river. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with savage glee that I was a match for the swiftfooted Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for now and again he would skate close to the woods, looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from this walled in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening, or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind? The half breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively and throw his arms in the air; but he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a yell of despair which echoed weirdlike up the frozen channel.

Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope; the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed; I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without bating my pace I skated down upon him, holding a leveled pistol in each. Still my purpose was as mixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him the coward faltered and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract; high into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half breed turned his face toward me as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps. Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies, but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol shot, and as I turned back over the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.—True Flag.

SHE IMITATES BIRDS.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO SINGS LIKE NATURE'S SONGSTERS.

She Can Transport You Into the Depths of Cool, Green Woods—She Mimics Any Bird from the Duck to the Meadow Lark, or the Nightingale and Thrush.

It is straight from the throat that Miss Mabel Stephenson lets loose that wonderful flood of rippling, twittering bird melody.

It is really very remarkable what this modest and gentle faced young girl does. She is such a very quiet and unobtrusive young person at first sight that the surprise when she gives you the first intimation of her gifts is all the greater.

When in her very artless way she begins her little recitation about birds, and then suddenly breaks into it, and from that moment goes weaving and winding all through it, that marvelous linked chain of all the liquid bird melody of an entire forest and meadow bird orchestra, the effect is quite startling.

Shut your eyes, and you are no longer in the frowzy atmosphere of a theater. It is an early morning in June, and you are out in the woods somewhere. There are no electric lights and gas jets. It is blazing summer sunlight. It is the odor of the forest, not of the footlights, that comes to you. Certainly it is a very astonishing thing to be done just by the loosening and contracting of vocal chords, with the valuable aid of bronchial tubes and a thorax.

A REMARKABLE GIFT.

Miss Stephenson says, and after hearing her you are quite prepared to believe it, that she can imitate any bird that wears wings and feathers, and as wings and feathers are part of the anatomical equipment of all birds, it amounts to saying that she can imitate them all. She can give the judicious and nonfrivolous "quack, quack" of the conservative and serious minded duck as accurately as she can imitate the giddy, soaring song of the vanishing skylark. It was a very early acquisition with her. She took to talking bird lingo almost as soon as she took to talking the sound commercial English of Michigan, where she was born.

She is a true American girl, Miss Stephenson, and she has mingled in the very best American bird society. Her repertoire is almost exclusively that of our own sweet singing American birds. She was in England recently, and picked up the songs of the thrush, nightingale and skylark just to show these stars of English bird opera that their songs were easy enough, and that anybody who had had a course in an American bird music conservatory could do them. But it is the whippoorwill, the yellow breast, the chicadee, the redbird, the catbird, the meadow lark, the swallow, the bobolink and, of course, the robin with the red waistcoat—these are the birds, good Americans all, whose songs she loves best to sing.

Then she can give to perfection the weird, melancholy cry of the loon and can pipe so like the quail that you have only to shut your eyes and fancy that you are out in the brown stubble of the fields. Neither the domestic goose nor the grave and reverend owl can be classed exactly among the merry warbling songsters of the feathered kind, but they each have a method of expressing disapproval.

HOW SHE LEARNED.

It was simply for her own amusement that she first developed her remarkable gifts of imitation, until now she has found that she can turn it to a source of profit, and this she is doing.

Her bird language education was only just begun in the country out in Michigan. When she was a very little girl she came to New York to live, and since then she has had to depend upon bird stores and upon such birds as she and her friends possess for her tuition.

Now, to come back to the physiological feature of the matter, there are a good many people who will tell you just exactly how Miss Stephenson does these wonderful imitations. It is nothing more than whistling pure and simple, many of them will say. The very keen and knowing ones sneer even at whistling. Nobody could whistle in that way, they say, with just the whistling apparatus furnished by nature. Miss Stephenson, they will tell you, has some ingenious little mechanical device for making the sounds, which she conceals in her mouth.

All this makes the gifted bird soloist laugh. She could not whistle a note if she tried, she says, and as for carrying something in her mouth you have only to watch her as she gives imitations to be convinced that this is all rubbish. She simply has a marvelous development of the vocal chords, which has been developed by years of practice that began when she was a mere child and when the throat muscles and vocal chords were pliant and flexible. The sounds come straight from the throat, as was remarked at the beginning of this article, and as you can see very plainly yourself if you are near by when the imitations are given. You will then very distinctly observe the throat flutter, as does that of a canary when he is soaring up in the high notes of some of his dizziest trills.

Speaking of trills, Miss Stephenson says these, curiously enough, are the easiest and least tiresome of the bird songs to imitate. It is the short, sharp twitters and the long, wailing cries which are the most trying.—New York World.

To Ward Off Disease.

We can all recall some kindly grandmother of old times, who, as she tied her gold beads around the neck of a grandchild, who like Leah was "tender eyed," half apologetically explained the exceptional favor, "The beads, you know, will be good for Helen's eyes." A dignified gentleman, a man distinguished in great public matters, only a few days ago twirled an iron ring around his finger, and in explanation said, "That's for rheumatism!"—New York Tribune.

Women Are Not Inconstant.

The authors of the past seem to have thought that they could not make a tale in verse or prose romantic or interesting unless they should introduce inconstant heroines to their readers, and for this purpose they were ready to defame the whole sex, at least by implication. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self interest. Her inward prompting and outward advantage conspire to the same end. She is doubly guarded. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady, and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man and in fact male animals generally are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy.

Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a custom; for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are disloyal. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so today than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.—Junius Henri Browne in Ladies' Home Journal.

Indians Going to Market.

A remarkable sight is a band of Canadian Indians going to a post with furs for barter. Though the bulk of these hunters fetch their quarry in the spring and early summer, some may come at any time. The procession may be only that of a family or of the two or more families that live together or as neighbors. The man, if there is but one group, is certain to be stalking ahead, carrying nothing but his gun. Then come the women, laden like packhorses. They may have a sled packed with the furs and drawn by a dog or two, and an extra dog may bear a balanced load on his back, but the squaw is certain to have a spine warping burden of meat and a battered kettle and a papoose, and whatever personal property of any and every sort she and her liege lord own. Children who can walk have to do so, but it sometimes happens that a baby a year and a half or two years old is on her back, while a newborn infant, swaddled in blanket stuff and bagged and tied like a Bologna sausage, surmounts the load on the sled.

A more tatterdemalion outfit than a band of these pauperized savages form it would be difficult to imagine. On the plains they will have horses dragging travoises, dogs with travoises, women and children loaded with impedimenta, a colt or two running loose, the lordly men riding free, straggling curs a-plenty, babies in arms, babies swaddled, and toddlers afoot, and the whole battalion presenting at its exposed points exhibits of torn blankets, raw meat, distorted pots and pans, tent, poles and rusty traps, in all eloquently suggestive of an eviction in the slums of a great city.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Steamship of the Future.

As to the size of the steamship of the future, financial considerations must determine it. Any addition to size means greater displacement and greater power to get a high rate of speed. A small craft, similar perhaps to a torpedo boat of the Thornycroft or Yarrow build, would give results satisfactory at least on the debit side of the ledger. But what of the credit side, which, after all, is the more important in a merchant ship of the Atlantic greyhound type?

In the case of British ships there are only two sources of revenue—from passengers and for the transport of cargo and mails. In a vessel of the torpedo type there is not room for either. So also with high speed cruisers, where a very large proportion of the length, in some cases 40 per cent., is given up for machinery. Indeed, only in exceptional cases could a cruiser carry fuel to cross the Atlantic at full speed, and certainly no torpedo boat would essay to do so.

In the modern high speed passenger steamer the cargo capacity of the vessel is limited, and so valuable that only a precious cargo is carried, and that at a pretty high rate. The cause of the limitation is the weight of machinery and the coal for consumption and the necessity for minimizing the displacement.

As to speed, there is really no insurmountable difficulty in attaining forty knots, but this would require something like 160,000 indicated horse power, seventy boilers to generate the steam for the engines, and these would burn considerably more than 2,000 tons of coal per day.—Engineering.

Philology and Grammar.

There is a notion abroad that philology is superior to grammar; that it is in a commanding position over grammar, and that it has a natural right to supervise the arrangements and terminology of grammar. The consequence has been that of late years almost every author who has come forward as a grammarian has done so, more or less, in the guise of a philologist, as if this character invested him with higher authority, and gave him power to innovate upon the time honored institutes of grammar. By this avenue some confused and hybrid doctrines have found their way into current schoolbooks. — Professor John Earle in Forum.

No Danger of Shock.

An insulated holder for fire hose has been invented to obviate any danger that might arise to firemen in case a stream of water struck a heavily charged wire. —New York Journal.

AN ALLIANCE IN LOVE.

Scheming Maidens Plan to Get Even with a Fickle Young Fellow.

Pauline—So we are both engaged to him?

Penelope—Apparently. I know that I am.

Pauline—And I knew that I am. Why, our rings are just alike.

Penelope—He must buy them by the dozen.

Pauline—Why, even the dates on them are the same.

Penelope—That's true. He proposed to me just before the german began.

Pauline—And to me just after. What a wretch!

Penelope—It's too bad. He was the only man I was engaged to last summer that I cared to invite to call on our return to town.

Pauline—He used to say terribly disagreeable things about you.

Penelope—They were nothing to the things he used to say about you. I hope, though, that this won't make us friends to any less degree.

Pauline—By no means. I wouldn't have him now if he were free.

Penelope—Nor I. And yet it would be foolish for us to give him up. He was lots of fun.

Pauline (sighing)—True. How handsome he used to look when he would look down into my eyes and swear that I was the only woman in the whole wide world he ever loved.

Penelope—Yes, he was handsome when he did that. Pauline, we must punish him.

Pauline—But how can we?

Penelope (with an air of confident superiority)—I'll manage that. You don't suppose that I've managed mamma and papa all my life for nothing, do you?

Pauline—Well, how shall we do it?

Penelope—We will both continue to be engaged to him.

Pauline—Very well.

Penelope—We will inform each other when he is expected to call. On days when he has an engagement to call on you I will send him a note asking him to call on me. He can't call on both, and, of course, he will have to lie to the other. When a man lies to a girl he eases his conscience by sending her either flowers or candy. One of us will get the call and the other will get the candy. When he has an engagement to call on me you will do the same thing. Pauline, I see visions of unlimited flowers and candy this winter. What do you think about it?

Pauline—Pen, I think that you are the dearest, sweetest, most lovable girl in all New York.

Penelope—Yes, I think I am—but I do hope he gets a good salary.—Life.

Joker, Then Philanthropist.

The late Dr. S. G. Howe during his student life at Brown university was more distinguished for fun and practical joking than for scholarship. Perhaps not one of his college associates anticipated that their leader in frolicsome mischief would become an eminent philanthropist. For when he graduated he left behind a reputation for skill in breaking up the dull routine of college life which survived for years. Mr. Sanborn, in his biography of Dr. Howe, tells an anecdote which shows the impression he left behind him. Some years after Dr. Howe had left college, and after he had become favorably known to the public, he was in Providence attending the annual commencement.

The venerable Dr. Messer, who had been president of the university while Howe was a student, was then living in retirement. Howe thought he would call on him and apologize for the trouble he had given him while in college and for the many interruptions to his nightly repose.

The venerable ex-president received his caller with evident marks of distrust, and though he asked him to be seated he himself took a seat at a respectful distance. Dr. Howe began his apology and the good old man moved his chair a little farther back. "Howe," said he, explaining the movement, "I'm afraid of you now. I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

Human Relics of Pompeii.

In the museum at Pompeii are preserved the most horrid and pathetic relics of the last days of the ill fated city. Early in 1863 the workmen who were helping to unearth an immense palace struck into a cavity in the lava, the nature of which, of course, was a mystery. Without breaking further into it they poured plaster of paris down the crevices that were already opened, and as soon as the plaster had hardened, the crust of lava was carefully removed, and lo! the form of a human being in his last struggles was revealed! The outlines and form of the person were perfectly preserved, showing plainly that he had been buried in boiling lava, which had hardened about him. The intervening 1,800 years and the heat of the lava besides had reduced the body to a handful of dust, but the lava had left a cast natural as life.

Since that time several bodies have been reproduced—one of them with the features so perfectly preserved as to show the expression of the face. In some of the plaster casts parts of the skeleton are embedded. Two female casts which are clasped in each other's arms have been called "The Mother and Daughter." Persons who have seen this group say that there is nothing in all Pompeii more touching than the utter despair depicted upon the face of the "mother."—St. Louis Republic.

A Surgeon's Blunder.

Eugene Sue, who in his youth was for some time an army surgeon, one day dined "not wisely, but too well," with his friend Romieu at the Cafe de Paris. Afterward, as they sauntered on the Boulevards, Romieu fell and injured his leg. Sue got a cab, put his friend in and drove home, where he carefully dressed the wound and then retired to bed. Next morning he hastened to examine the wound, only to discover that he had tended the wrong leg.—London Public Opinion.

DEFINITIONS OF A LAUGH.

Fat Expressions Concerning an Act of Which Most People Are Guilty.

A London weekly paper, Tit-Bits, offered a prize of ten dollars for the best definition of a laugh. The money was awarded for the following:

An eruption of joy, relieved by an explosion at the mouth of "the crater."

Here are some of the best definitions submitted:

That by which mirth pays a compliment to wit.

The merry thunder peal which follows the lightning flash of wit.

An outward indication of inward satisfaction.

The physical expression of a pleasurable mental emotion.

An antidote against the poison of melancholy.

As brevity is the soul of wit, so a laugh is the soul of expression.

If "Laugh and grow fat," as we have been told,
Is a proverb undoubtedly both true and old,
We cannot be wrong if a laugh we define
As the very best condiment when we all dine.

The music of the merry, the croak of the scornful and the wail of the maniac.

The outward visible sign of an inward invisible tickle.

The natural ebullition of a joyous heart.

A burst of music from the harp of mirth, produced by the touch of humor.

The "Volapuk" of mirth and good nature.

The keynote of man's character, the tone of which proves its quality.

An appreciation of humor conveyed without speech.

A cheerful report from the interior.

Nature's mental medicine. Used sparingly it acts as a pleasant tonic, but when resorted to immoderately it paralyzes and degrades the senses.

A temporary relaxation from gravity.

The only family doctor who gives relief in all cases, often effects instantaneous cure and sends no bills.

Merriment's wand, but derision's dart.

One of God's greatest blessings for temporarily relieving the monotony of our existence.

Heaven's best antidote to care.

The luxury of health and the greatest help to digestion.

What a woman is fond of doing when she has got a new set of false teeth.

Nature's tonic for mental ailments.

The best doctor and the cheapest medicine in the world.

A spark from the fire of life.

The spray from the fountain of mirth, or a bubble from the well of scorn.

The sunshine of the heart reflected in the face.

The safety valve of mirth, the pontiard of derision and the mockery of despair.

An ostentatious display of one's own sense of humor.

The oil which make the lamp of life burn bright and clear.

The explosion produced by a flash of wit.

A Tamed Lion.

At the Zoo a young lion from Sokoto was much intent on breaking in the iron shutter which separates the house it now occupies from its former quarters next door. Apart from the very proper wish to assert a right to its former domicile, it had the irritating stimulus supplied by an ill tempered and decrepit old leopard which was growling on the other side of the shutter, and even went so far as to insert one of its longest teeth into the crack between the shutter and the wall as a reminder to the lion of what was waiting for it on the other side.

The lion was striking constant heavy blows on the door, and was so intent on its occupation as to disregard the call of its keeper. The keeper quietly attracted its attention by pulling its tail!—and the lion at once desisted, rubbed its face against the keeper's hand and lay down to be stroked, patted and have its mane caressed. A very beautiful puma close by exhibited all the pleasure of a friendly cat at being stroked, and the tiger from Turkestan allowed himself to be fondled like a big dog.—London Spectator.

A Cordial Reception.

Early one morning, recently, I called to see a gentleman who had not yet left his bed. I was met at the door by a woman whose sleeves were rolled up, who wore an ample apron upon which were various spots of flour and whose face was not entirely free from similar spots. It was "bake day," but she did not embarrass me by any reference to the fact or any apology as to her appearance. She asked me into the parlor and after sending one of the children upstairs to notify the father of my presence, re-entered the parlor and chatted until her husband appeared about various topics in an entertaining, easy manner, quite as though she had been expecting and was all fixed up to receive me. It was simply delightful and my great grief is that I have no sufficient excuse to make another early morning call at the same home.—Detroit Free Press.

A Way of Cooking Rodents.

The negro slaves of Jamaica used to regard rats as a dainty, their masters not providing them with any other meat. Their method of cooking the toothsome rodents was to impale each one on a long wooden skewer, after cleaning the animal and cutting off the tail, turning it briskly around over a fire until the hair was all burned off. Then it was scraped until free from fur, and finally the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclined toward the fire, until it was toasted dry and crisp, thus being made ready for the meal.—Washington Star.

Stockings Kept Black.

Black stockings are apt to assume a greenish look after repeated washings. We are told that a simple way of preserving the color is to wash them in soap free of soda, and in the last rinsing water to add a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Wring them out and clap them into shape. A hot iron tends to destroy the color, particularly if they are wet.—New York Journal.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Recently a boy named Charles Peterson fell or was pushed from a Lake Shore and Michigan Southern freight train at Elkhart, Ind., and had both arms crushed off. His father has now began suit for $50,000 damages, claiming the boy was pushed off.

Few people are aware that Mr. Spurgeon was never ordained. He began and ended his remarkable ministry as a lay preacher.

Thomas Connolly, a woodsman of Bell's Mills, Forest county, Pa., while splitting a chestnut tree into rails, found an ox shoe in the trunk of the tree a foot from the surface. The shoe evidently had been pounded into the tree when it was a sapling.

Between forty and fifty species of bacteria have been found in normal milk and cream. This large number is due to the fact that milk is apt to collect any species of bacteria that may be floating in the air.

Andrew Weitervelt, a wealthy citizen of La Porte, Ind., has been confined in the asylum and there is local agitation in consequence. His acquaintances declare him to be a victim of a plot to get possession of his property.

Lottie Mitchell of Minneapolis was killed in a runaway. Emma Erickson was fatally wounded.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 483 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 Bissell st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstead st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3835 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet 1st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 382 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood' hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deutlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexton, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2012 Wentworth av; F N Meminger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—P H Brady, C R, 4435 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; R W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnsta, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 761 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas. Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 388 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Ashland av; [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 900 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; F G Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Dequise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 996 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 881 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hettua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Miersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bruccioni, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 2622 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill.; Louis Murphy, V. P.; M. F. Brennan, Rec. Sec.; A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec. 538 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Rec sec.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec. 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec. Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec., T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Wiggeman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin Sec.; Simon Neville, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., A. Harmon, Pin. sec., Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 19—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2536 Fifty-first av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 549 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3602 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 22—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st.; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 38—Pres, M. Donohue, 5328 Jefferson av; V. P. M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doherty, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 63th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec. M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patten, No. 1 Teeman Ct., Boxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Horton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Daniel Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 2304 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st., Portland, Me.

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Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres, Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes, Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st Fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 949 Fulton st; fin sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, Joan J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Morse Treas. Matthew Farley Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 721 Carroll av; vice-pres, James R. Dunn; rec sec, M. Donnelly; fin sec, J. F. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourn. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 96 Hoobrauk st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 3938 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty.

Div. 32—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 106 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 3 p. m. Thomas Cusack, Pres dent, 92 Walnut-st, 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec.,

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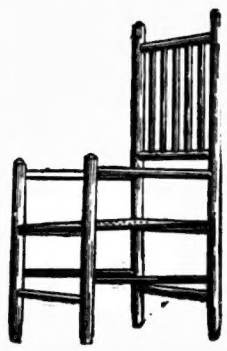

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3 lb White Table Peaches	8½ cts	1.09
Extra Fine Mushrooms, all buttons	16 cts	2.00
3 lb Lily Yellow Table Peaches	9½ cts	1.14
3 lb Durm Yellow Table Peaches	10 cts	1.20
3 lb Maxwell Yellow Table Peaches	11 cts	1.30
2 lb Grated Pineapples	11 cts	1.30
3 lb California Green Gages	12 cts	1.40
3 lb California Egg Plums	12 cts	1.40
3 lb California Apricots	13 cts	1.50
3 lb Finest California Peaches	15 cts	1.80
Sardines in Oil	3½ cts	.45
2 lb Marrowfat Peas	5 cts	.57
2 lb Springville Peas	6 cts	.69
2 lb Stringless Beans	7 cts	.80
2 lb Paxton Sugar Corn	8 cts	.95
3 lb Saginaw Tomatoes	7 cts	.84
3 lb Eagle Fancy Tomatoes	8 cts	.95
1 lb Alaska Salmon	8½ cts	1.00
2 lb Oxford Lima Beans	9 cts	1.05
2 lb Waidner's Extra Sifted Peas	15 cts	1.70
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40 lbs California Evaporated Apricots for	$1.00
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MCENERNY BROS., ATTORNEYS, ROOM 18, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KELLY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 16, 1892.
ROSE F. KELLY, Administratrix.
McEnerny Bros. Attorneys.

ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 16, 1892.
JOHN J. DUNNE, Executor.
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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.
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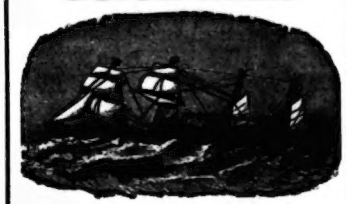

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